Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

SEPTEMBER ON THE FARM.

With most farmers this is not a very hurried time of year, it is a good time to overhaul the ploughs and get ready for fall work and push forward any draining or digging ditches, that have been begun or need doing.

The grain and hay crops have been safely taken care of and should be either in the barn or stacked for safe keeping. The corn crop is waiting to be filled out by the glorious hot days; the potatoes don't need digging yet, it is too early to harvest roots of any kind or do fall ploughing, so that we hope many of the farmers will be able to take little vacations of a few days at a time and attend the many fairs of the day. First among those in importance is the Portland Fair to which we have alluded so often of late, and we hope every farmer who can possibly afford to be there will not neglect the opportunity.

Beside the much needed rest and change of scene, which these fairs and cattle shows afford, to those who visit them they are of great use in a social point of view The farmer is not social enough in his habits; his calling of necessity separates him from other men for most of his time and he has earned the reputation, we fear, not without some reason, of being a grumbler, and of lacking the genial warmth of temper which is a characteristic of the best of men. Such fairs are the natural out-growth of a solitary life, and receive their best correction in social intercourse with our fellow men.

Let us then try to neglect no opportunity for attending any of these cattle shows within our reach; the time and money needed should not be regarded as so much lost, but rather as so much invested in improving our knowledge of the work of others in a similar calling, in refreshing and resting our overworked bodies, in giving an opportunity for cultivating our social instincts and meeting old friends and acquaintances. Attending the cattle shows will also give us a fine chance to talk over farm matters with other farmers, to learn something about their way of doing things and to profit by their experience. We only wish these fairs were more frequent and could be held twice or thrice a year instead of only once.

Attending the shows however need not interfere with finishing up seeding to grass any piece that is intended for this purpose and was not seeded last month; rye also should be sown this month and we would here suggest to market farmers who raise tomatoes and pickles, that by sowing rye now upon land intended for tomatoes or pickles next year, they will get a good early bite for the cows in May and can plough under for green manure what the cows don't eat about June 1st.

The harvesting of fall crops in October and November and getting everything snug for winter, makes the late fall a hurried time; we should therefore do everything possible now so as to avoid hurry and waste in the late harvest time.

Look out and don't let the *pears* hang too long on the tree. Most pears are better to be picked a little before fully ripe, the Bartlett especially.

Budding of quinces should be done before the 10th, and *peaches* by the 25th, and spinach seed can be sown till the 12th or 15th for early spring use. It is rather late to set strawberry plants; set now they will not bear much fruit the next year and will be less easily weeded than those planted in May.

Take care of the *squashes* by the middle of the month, for a frost spoils them. If a fresh northwest wind comes after rain about the 12th or later, it is time to pick them up and pile them in a sunny place where they can be covered at night with old mats or canvass till housed for winter use; they ought to go in before they get chilled by cold nights, and the loft where they are stored should have a stove in it and thermometer and the temperature kept as near 60 degrees as possible. They will need picking over every week to cull out the specked ones; the Hubbards keep best and are much the best squash to eat.

The Exhibition season is about to set in for the farmers, and the New England Agricultural Society pioneers it. Let it be such a demonstration of the great forces of Agriculture as will win universal respect and admiration.

ONION HARVEST.

The onion crop is now ready for harvesting and in many gardens the work is already well advanced. If part of the tops still stand up after a part have fallen, it is desirable to hasten the ripening of this part of the crop so to pull them all at once; for this purpose it is customary to roll a barrel over the bed pressing it down a little so as to crush the green stalks. About a week after this rolling it will do to pull the bulbs and throw them into windrows four or five rows together They should be left thus to ripen for about a week, if a fall of rain occurs during this time they will need to be turned over carefully with a wooden rake on the first fine day after the rain to hasten their drying and ripening. When well ripened they should be carted to the barn on a dry afternoon and can be piled up four feet deep with the tops on *if quite dry*; the topping of them for market will keep the boys out of mischief on stormy days and evenings as they are wanted for sale. The crop this year is very good we believe in this section of the country.

CLOVER AS GREEN MANURE.

The Census of Massachusetts shows that the number of acres in this important crop amounted in 1875 to 2,959, while the acres in English hay were no less than 509,294; or less than 2-3 of one per cent of the acreage of English hay was in clover.

We can not avoid the conclusion that this very small area of clover has much to do with the decline in the corn and other grain crops of the State. There is a good deal of prejudice against raising clover, it is not so easily made into good hay as English grass on account of the juicy character of the stems when cut early as it should be; the clover is not so permanent as the English grasses and needs to be ploughed under after one year's cropping—this requires labor and trouble; but in spite of these drawbacks we believe it is a most essential crop for the improvement of poor lands. Unlike the grain crops it absorbs its nitrogen from the air and furnishes us with the only cheap source of this much needed element of fertility; the other deficiencies of the soil such as potash, phosphoric acid and perhaps also a few others, must be supplied either by manure or by manufactured fertilizers, but they are by no means so expensive to buy as the nitrogen and this element is so cheaply and abundantly furnished by clover that we need not be at the expense of providing it in any other way.

But suppose your land is too poor to give a good clover crop and you have no manure to spread, how can you make a start?

There are two ways, one is to sow peas, rye or buckwheat to be ploughed under for improvement of the soil, the other way is to buy fertilizers. The peas, rye and buckwheat act like clover in absorbing some nourishment from the air and can be made to grow on poorer land than clover; they can not be expected however any more than clover to add anything to the mineral elements of the soil, and these when wanting must be replaced by some fertilizer.

The soil will be improved by ploughing under peas so that it will carry clover and by ploughing under clover will bear a crop of corn, the latter will probably need the application of some phosphoric fertilizer and probably potash also, but we believe the nitrogen in the fertilizer could be safely left out on good clover sward—this item form an important part of the expense of the Stockbridge Fertilizer for corn, namely at present prices of material about 45 per cent of the whole cost.

Thus if we were manuring with Stockbridge Fertilizer for corn at the rate of six bags per acre, costing $36. The nitrogen would cost us about $16.20, and if clover will produce the same or better results it is worth $16.20 per acre to plough under.

We believe that second growth of clover ploughed under in blossom after cutting the first crop for hay, if a good crop that would weigh, if dry, say a ton or more per acre, would contain, roots and all, fully this value of nitrogen; this belief is founded on the estimated amount of nitrogen contained in a crop of clover by chemical analysis, and also from the accounts of crops of corn and wheat raised upon clover sod. Estimates of this sort are necessarily rather crude however and need verification by field experiments.

Clover has proved in New York and in Ohio and in Michigan the most effectual and economical agent in restoring the fertility of exhausted land—in those States nothing else seems wanting but a little gypsum sown on young clover; why will not the same system of rotation answer in New England? We want to see the thing fairly tried by intelligent and enterprizing farmers and the results published.

Such problems are properly the work of an experimental station, they need to be worked out by actual trial in the field. Few farmers have either the time, money or talent for such experiments, but would be willing to be taxed for their portion of a public trial by suitable men.

We want some one to give a good reason why clover is the chief dependence in New York and is not much esteemed in New England; we can not believe that the New England farmer is less enterprising or wide awake to avail himself of any means within his reach; he has tried clover no doubt and is disappointed; why this disappointment? does our New England soil lack some element which clover can not supply and which is abundant in New York soils? if so what is it, and how much will it cost to apply it?

Wake up your neighbor about the Fair. What you know and think about it tell to him. Get him enthusiatic over it, and stir him up to realize that success depends on him as well as on the rest.

BANKING CELERY.

Those who want celery for the table or for market at this season of the year, should bank it up only eight or ten days before it is wanted for use, and only in such quantities as are wanted for immediate use; for if it has to stay in the ground after the blanching is completed, it will very soon rot, if the weather is at all warm.

In banking, the ground should be ploughed on each side the row and cultivated repeatedly until quite mellow, so that it will shovel easily. Three men are needed to do the banking, one stands with his feet astride the row and gathers up the stalks with both hands holding them together, while two shovelers, one at each side, throw up the earth with long handled shovels. The first banking will raise the earth about half way up the stalks; the ground should then be ploughed again and more earth thrown up so as to raise the earth up to the very tips of the leaves. Only two men will be needed for the second banking, as the leaves are held in place by the earth. In warm weather it will blanch in eight days, but if the weather proves cool it will require twice the time. This uncertainty about the time required for blanching, together with the difficulty of keeping celery after it is blanched in warm weather, make it difficult for the gardener to keep a constant supply ready for market, and makes the price of early celery fluctuating. When the weather is warm it blanches quickly, and, being perishable, must be sold at once for what it will bring; a cold spell of weather, on the other hand, will delay the blanching and the market will be speedily exhausted, and prices rise.

After the first of October, however, there is no danger of the weather being too warm for the safe keeping of celery, and all that remains in the ground should be banked without delay.

PLANT EVERGREENS.

There is no better time to plant evergreens than August and September, up to the 20th, and as most farmers and gardeners can spare the time better at this season than in May and are more likely therefore to do the work well, we would by all means advise those who intend planting to attend to it now if possible.

Do not attempt to remove large trees—they suffer much by removal and are apt to lose their lower branches. Trees under six feet high are to be preferred; in removing them disturb the fibrous roots as little as possible and do not allow them to become dry by exposure to the air before planting.

The Norway spruce is on all accounts the best for screens or shelter from the winds. They are very hardy and bear pruning well.

The hemlock is very beautiful, but not so well adapted to all situations and liable sometimes to die out in an unsatisfactory way. It does well however on deep soil and in low situations.

The white pine is an excellent tree for shelter and quite hardy, so also is the Black Spruce and the Austrian Pine.

All these evergreens look best when mixed tastefully together in bunches or belts and not confined to stiff formal rows; where room can be spared for the purpose we would by all means, advise planting a double row for shelter, and if it can be made a little irregular in its appearance it will please a tasteful eye much more than the usual stiff hedge, which looks hardly more inviting to a lover of nature than a board fence painted green. Plant the trees a little out of line in spots and break the monotony of the hedge by clumps or clusters of various kinds of evergreens, and plant a few white birches outside the row, so that their silvery bark may be seen against the dark green boughs for a back ground. A little pains taken in such matters will be well repaid in the more beautiful look of the work, after it has time to grow.

These evergreens will not be likely to do well if taken up now out of the woods unless they are very small; in fact, the chances of a tree taken out of the dense shade of a forest and transplanted to the open ground are rather small at best. They should be taken up in early spring, when very small, and set in nursery rows for a year or two before transplanting. The prices of all these trees at the nurseries are so reasonable and the trees they furnish are so very much better than the wild ones that there is very little inducement to use anything but nursery stock.

The man who has pushed his farm work well before him through the season, even if he does not propose to be an exhibitor at the great New England Fair at Portland, deserves the week of welcome recreation and rest which a visit to Portland will surely give him. And he is cordially invited to attend during the first week in September, and view the grand triumph which is then to be achieved for New England Agriculture.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.

Now is the time to pot *Roses, Carnations, Stevrias, Eupatoriums, Heliotropes*, and other soft wooded plants intended for early winter flowering; the potting is often delayed till too late; they need a month of good growing weather after potting before they are well established and ready for flowering; they will of course need frequent waterings after potting, and to be kept in a half shady situation until well rooted.

Violets should have all runners cut back so as to throw the strength into the main root, and be ready for transplanting about Oct. 1st into the house. They should also be well hoed and weeded.

It is a good time now to make cuttings of *Geraniums* for next spring. They are easily rooted at this season of the year in a half shady place out of doors, as are also roses and many other kinds of plants that we desire to propagate.

Those wishing to grow *Primrose* (Chinese,) *Calceolaria, Mignonette, Cineraria*, etc., can sow the seeds now. The smaller seeds are rather hard to bring up in hot, dry weather, but by wetting the bed thoroughly *before sowing the seed*, and then mulching it with two inches of hay during hot days until the seed breaks ground, it will come up quite surely and with less risk and trouble than if the ground is watered often, which bakes the surface. The mulch must be removed of course as soon as the seeds are fairly up

A good way to start seeds or grow cuttings in August or early September, we have found to be a hotbed frame sheltered from the sun, with an old sash covered with cotton cloth. We dislike to whitewash a good sash, it injures the glass and paint.

While every exhibitor aims of course to do his best this year at the Fair, let none be deterred from a purpose to contribute by the fear that his single act can go but a little ways toward the grand success. It is this very multiplication of individual efforts that brings about the result and nothing else can. Every farmer in New England should try to feel as if the entire success of the Fair depended upon himself alone.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

As this is the time when these indigestible condiments are salted down, and as there are few Yankees who are not willing to run the risk of indigestion we will describe the method in use for keeping them.

As brought in from the field they are assorted into three different lots according to size, the coarse, the fine and the medium, being salted separately; this is because the coarse ones need more salt to keep them and be sure they are always assorted for sale, the different sizes bearing different prices in market; the fine and medium sizes are the most saleable, and the pickers must use care to let none escape their notice so as to have as few large ones as possible; in fact the care needed to pick them faithfully is the most difficult part of the work.

They are salted down in molasses hogsheads, oil casks, beef barrels, or any tight package provided with a loosely fitting cover, which is placed on the pickles and loaded with a big stone or two to keep them under the brine. The brine is made strong enough to float a potato and will need to be drawn off after a few days by a spile near the bottom, and turned in again at the top; this will thoroughly mix up the contents, and prevent the tendency of the brine to become weak at the top by absorbing the juice of the cucumbers.

The brine will ferment a little but this will do no harm; a little salt will need to be added from time to time to the top of the barrel to prevent souring, especially for the larger sized cucumbers. The drawing off of the brine will have to be repeated two or three times, at intervals of a week or two, as long as the weather remains warm. After cold weather begins they will keep till wanted for market with no other care than to keep them under the brine.

When wanted for market or for use they are taken out of the brine and freshened by pouring fresh cold water over them, which will require changing twice a day as long as the pickles taste salt—three or four days are needed to freshen them; then they are placed in a suitable package for sale, and white wine (whiskey) vinegar poured over them cold, and spice added to suit the taste; allspice, peppers and cloves are used for this purpose.

This process produces what is commonly called "English pickles," having the dull yellowish brown color imparted by the brine. If it is desired to make "green pickles" they must be scalded in a copper kettle until the water is as hot as one can bear the hand in it; the fire is then drawn and the pickles allowed to stand in the copper until they have absorbed enough verdigris to give them the beautiful fresh green color peculiar to copper salts. It is often asked if this copper coloring is not poisonous; we have never heard of a case of copper poisoning from eating green pickles and they are largely used; it is, however, noticeable that green pickles are fast going out of fashion and giving place to "English pickles," from which we infer that the public begin to understand how the green color is produced, and prefer not to take the risk, if any there be, of poisoning in addition to the risk of dyspepsia!

Cider vinegar will keep pickles in cold weather, and if strong enough, will keep them in warm weather, but as its strength is variable it cannot always be depended upon, and whiskey vinegar is preferred for this reason—it can always be had of definite strength.

If the resolution is to put the next Fair ahead of all its predecessors, as it ought to be, it can be done as surely as the effort is made. But it must begin now. Every day tells for profit or loss to the Fair.

Questions & Answers.

TROUT CULTURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I want some one that knows, to give me through the *Ploughman* an idea of arranging a dam for a trout pond. I have a brook running through my field that is fed by never failing boiling springs, the water is always very cold and pure; by building a dam four rods long and seven feet high I can flow two acres. I want the dam wide enough so I can cross the valley on top of it with teams. There are hundreds of small trout in the brook to-day. If I chose I could have several ponds on the brook. What is the best book on trout raising on a cheap scale? Please answer and oblige,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Lyman, Me., August 4th., 1877.

Trout culture is beset with many difficulties incident to the controlling of a never failing supply of running water never warmer than 75 deg. Considerable expense must be incurred at the outset to secure several ponds for different sizes of fish; for if all sizes are allowed to go together, the large ones devour the small ones in the most savage manner. Afterwards a great deal of care will be needed to see that the fish are properly fed and not molested by their many enemies in the shape of boys, minks, herons, kingfishers, pickerel, etc, and that the dams and other works are not undermined and destroyed by musk rats or carried away by floods. If our correspondent wishes to undertake it we advise him to read first the admirable book on Domestic Trout by Livingston, of Charlestown, N. H. New edition.

BANKRUPT FARMERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

We have noticed the fact being mentioned in agricultural journals of how few farmers in comparison with other tradesmen ever become bankrupt. Did it ever strike these men at the same time that this was all owing to the difference in which the two business' are carried on. Farmers do a close business; I know of but one thing that they are careless about and that is the printer, they do not pay this gentleman as well as they ought to. If other tradesmen were as firm on the cash system as farmers they would compare more favorably with them. One fact will be conceded, that a green hand at the business with borrowed capital will fail ninety-nine times in a hundred. Farming is something a man must have an insight into, in order to be anything successful. A man may have as good a study for this profession, as a lawyer, doctor, or divine for theirs; and yet a practice is just as essential to make that study profitable and successful.

We believe that farmers would be more successful in their profession if they studied their standard authors more. A farmer needs a library just as much as the doctor, divine, or lawyer, and he should study it as closely. If they would do this, with their cash system added, they would be the most successful tradesmen living. Farming is like other business, in so far as no one man knows it all. He (the farmer) should be ever ready to learn; ever ready to take and retain a good idea let it come from what source it will; and ever ready to impart instruction, while he should keep well to old usages and maxims, yet he should look well to modern improvements And lastly he should never suffer his farm to run down, and never should the old homestead be abandoned. To cast off the old farm, like a worn out garment, is too cruel an idea to merit a moment's consideration. J. N. A.

Stuartdale, R. I., Aug. 1877.

☞ The wool-clip of the United States for 1876 was about 200,000,000 pounds; of England, Ireland and Scotland, about 162,000,000, mostly combing; of the continent of Europe, about 463,000,000; of Australasia, about 350,000,000; of Buenos Ayres and River La Plata, about 207,000,000. These are the principal wool growing countries of the world, and produced 1,382,000,000 out of the estimated 1,419,000,000 pounds produced on the entire globe. The selling value of the total crop would probably aggregate $450,000,000. Out of 1,419,000,000 pounds of wool, the estimated clip, there would be fully a loss of 567,000,000 pounds in scouring, making the net yield of clean wool 852,000,000 pounds.

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

SEASONABLE HINTS AND PERENNIAL FACTS.

BY F. R. ELLIOTT,
LANDSCAPE GARDENER AND HORTICULTURIST.

Tansy.—It is said that placing a little in the nests of hens will at once clear them of lice. Tan-bark is also recommended.

Turnips among Corn.—At the last dressing of corn a sowing of turnip seed, and brushing it in, between the rows, the writer has found, during over forty years of practice, to prove profitable and not take from the value of the soil. Of varieties, the old "Long White" now by some called, "Cow Horn," and perhaps the same now catalogued by James Vick, as "Jersey Navet," the "White Flat Dutch," "White Globe," and "Orange Jelly" are all good sorts. Frequently after gathering the best of the crop the remainder proves a fine late feed for stock.

A Salt Hint—Many have written of the value of salt as a manure, and perhaps J. J. Mechi made about as practical remarks, touching it as a top-dressing, as any one, and its reading will be likely to cause the reader to try an experiment and make note as he did. He says: "about five o'clock one fine summer morning I noticed that where the salt had been sowed the previous day, every grain had attracted to itself the dew and formed on the surface of the ground a wet spot about the size of a sixpence, the ground generally being very dry." The use of salt on some soils and plants should be sparingly used, but cabbage, asparagus, celery, and nearly all the grasses are greatly benefitted by liberal quantities.

Charcoal for Hogs.—Hogs should always have charcoal in the shape of half burned logs, and also more or less of old rotten mold from the woods; when so cared for in pens there will never be disease, provided water is abundant and fresh and the food changed. No animal will, or can be healthy on one kind of food steadily.

Budding.—The apple and pear should be budded this month (August) while the peach is best done in late September.

Summer Pruning.—All ye who expect to have healthy fruit trees and fine, large, well flavored fruit, should look over the trees almost weekly and pinch off here and there the end of a twig growing too strong. Thin out, if not already done, such fruits as are inferior, and where the branch is evidently bent with too much load. One pear of all the autumn and winter varieties out of three now taken out will cause the balance to be at ripening time of more value than if the whole were left. This remark of course refers to where five to fifteen fruit are on a limb two feet long. I once had a tree with seventeen on one limb and it learned me a practical lesson.

A large Grape Vine.—I read that in Lockport, N. Y., there was in 1818 on the farm of Luther Campbell, a grape vine, and now alive and in good bearing condition, and now measures a circumference of forty inches, near the ground. Three feet from the ground it divides into two branches and covers an immense space. It is a native of course.

Can no Fruit unless it be Fresh Gathered and Ripe.—It is better to buy your canned fruit than to can from purchases of dealers whose fruit comes from a distance. All such is gathered before ripe, and the bruise in handling shows decay, when carefully examined.

ROTATION OF CROPS CLOVER.

A correspondent writes to the Secretary of the Elmira Farmer's Club, in reply to a question in regard to a rotation of crops with clover, and the interesting discussion in the Club on the question. "It seems to me that it is a problem somewhat difficult to solve, as there is much difference in the localities affecting the raising of clover. In some places it grows almost spontaneously and in others it is very difficult to raise it. We think, however, that it does best in our clay soils, and we are beginning to look at the propriety of being more systematic in our methods of growing it.

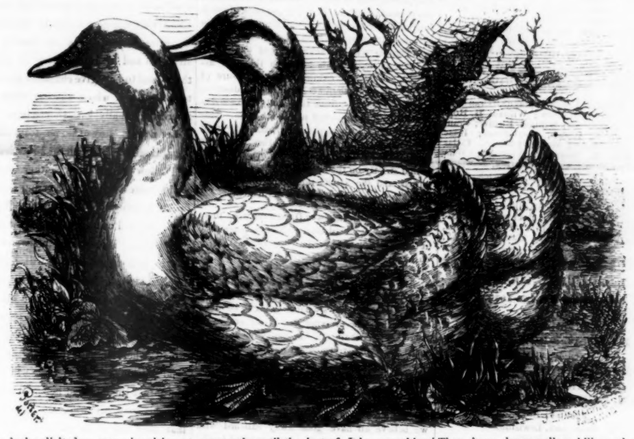
In the discussion sometime since the question was, clover or timothy? I have, for some years, noted the difference between the two, and have no doubt but a crop of timothy will exhaust land as much as a crop of wheat; whereas clover will enrich the soil in which it is grown. Why? Because timothy draws its entire nourishment from the soil, while clover obtains almost one-half of its sustenance from the atmosphere. One difficulty with most of us is that we allow our clover fields to run too long before we plough them up. Now were I to suggest a method I would say mow the clover early the first year, and cut a crop of seed, and mow again early the next season, let the second crop of clover grow until the first of August, then turn it under as perfectly as possible. Roll it, harrow and cultivate it thoroughly and sow it with wheat, and my opinion is that it will do better than summer fallow. My reason is, the soil is much lighter. By the decay of the clover roots wheat gets a good start in the fall, and when summer comes and the dry weather we generally have just before wheat fills, the roots get down to the moist, decayed clover, turned under, and the heads fills out beautifully, and the wheat will be very heavy. If you wish to plant with corn there is no better field for that purpose than a good clover sod turned under. Follow your corn with barley, then with wheat and seed with clover. Try this method with one field and another with timothy; give each field the same quantity of fertilizers for ten years and see which field will be in the best condition. With such a rotation of crops our land will improve with a crop every year, instead of losing one year in four or five for fallowing."

President Hoffman.—Does it strike any of the members that he takes off a great deal of the clover? Would it not be better to leave more? I should say after taking two crops it would be much better to pasture, thus putting directly back to the land all that grows after the first year's cutting. By this means he would be sure of enriching the soil more rapidly, and I have no doubt he would find the course attended by better results.—*Husbandman.*

THE POTATO BEETLE.—It is a short-sighted business to leave the last broods to breed and increase, because the potatoes are past harm. This is seeding for a crop next year, which will perpetuate the vermin and make work for another season. If the late arrivals are destroyed, there will be very few another year. If a thorough work were made of this pest for one season by every one who grows potatoes, a very quick end could be made of it.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

☞ One pound of corn is equal as food to about three and three-quarter pounds of potatoes, or eight and one-half pounds of cabbage, or to eleven and one-half pounds of white turnips.

PEKIN DUCKS.



These ducks elicited so many inquiries at the exhibition of the Connecticut State Poultry Society, held at Hartford, Dec. 1873, that all poultry fanciers and farmers having good facilities for raising water fowl, were interested to know something more about their good qualities and history.

They were brought to this country from Pekin by Mr. James E. Palmer, of Stonington, Ct., and landed in New York on the 14th day of March, 1873. Quite a large number were put on board the ship, but most of them died during the long passage. Mr. Palmer succeeded in getting one drake and three ducks to his farm alive, but of course dwarfed by the prolonged voyage. His attention was first called to them in China by their large size. He at first thought they were a small breed of geese. They recovered their flesh sooner than he expected, and before he had suspected them of laying he found a lot of their eggs in a small brook running through the pasture where they were confined. The ducks laid constantly until the last of July, something over one hundred eggs each. Some of the eggs were sold, given away to friends, and set under hens. Fifty birds in all were raised. The eggs hatch in twenty five days and the young birds look about one third larger than "Rouens" when they first come out of the shell, and they grow more rapidly through the season. Mr. Palmer's largest pair at the show, only five months old, weighed fifteen pounds, without any fattening or special preparation. They are clear white with a faint yellowish tinge to the under part of the feathers, which are very thick and downy. The wing primaries and all of the flight feathers are remarkably short—showing that they have been long domesticated and are not disposed to fly much. They are very hardy, not caring for snow or rain, are easily kept in a small enclosure, and only require a little clean water and regular feeding to raise them successfully. Where they have a good run, they are excellent foragers, and can take care of themselves as readily as any other breed of ducks. They have large yellow bills and reddish legs. Their long, graceful necks, their white plumage and remarkable size make them pleasing objects upon the water or about the farm-yard and lawn. They have excited a great deal of interest among all fanciers who have seen them at Mr. Palmer's farm, and were the leading feature at the State exhibition.

The Hartford *Courant*, in its notice of the show, says: "The most interesting event of the show and of the year in poultry matters is the importation by Mr. J. E. Palmer of a new variety of ducks, previously unknown in England or America. They are as much larger than the common kind of ducks, as Cochins or Brahmas are larger than ordinary fowls."

A pair of the old birds and four pair of their offspring were on exhibition. The importance of this new acquisition to our list of water fowl will be felt by all farmers as well as fanciers. If they do for ducks what the Asiatics have done for our hens, it will indeed be a great acquisition for the whole country.—*Poultry World.*

Porcine.

FATTENING PIGS.

BY D. Z. EVANS, JR.

There are but few farmers who can tell how much per pound their pork costs them to produce, or can even approximate in giving the amount of profit realized from their porkers. Necessarily the pigs do not cost the farmer as much per pound, to get them in good marketable condition as it would cost to produce on but a small lot of land, for there is always much offal matter, such as over-ripe fruits or vegetables, which would be wasted if it was not for the ready appetite of the porkers. Besides this, where they can have a good range, the cost of keeping the pigs in good thriving, growing condition during the summer months is merely nominal, for they are very fond of clover, which is one of the very best summer foods for pigs, in connection with a moderate supply of grain food. The moderate exercise too, is beneficial in developing the growing pigs and in keeping them sound and healthy. When it is thought desirable to keep the pigs penned up in their styes during the whole or part of the summer, we have always found it a most excellent plan to supply them daily with fresh cut grass. By having a small patch of red clover near the house or barn, it does not take long to mow enough for your entire lot of porkers. When fed to pigs it should be cut before it gets large, heavy and woody, for if left until it becomes so and then fed, the pigs will waste much. By keeping the piece cut off, you will at all times have a supply of fine, short and good clover for your pigs, which they will eat up clean if too much is not given to them.

Our experience has proved to us that it is a paying plan to give the pigs some grain food while pasturing, for it induces a more rapid growth and development, and they are always in far better condition when put up into the fattening pens to be fatted for butchering. Some farmers omit to do this, but we think they will find it to pay well to adopt the plan of feeding a moderate quantity of grain food during the summer while the pigs are running on grass. Up to a certain quantity, more pork can be realized from a certain amount of grain food fed during the summer, especially during the latter part of it, than if fed during the fall and early winter. We would not by any means advocate keeping them very fat during the summer months, for the extreme heat of the weather, supplemented by the unusual heat in the body produced by excessive use of grain food, would have a bad influence on the animal and either cause debility or effectually prevent the feeder from realizing what he should from his pig stock.

By giving grain food all through the summer, in connection with green food, when the porkers are put up to be fatted, they will not be liable to be injured by having grain as their principal food, which is often apt to result otherwise if a sudden change is made.

We believe that cracked corn fed dry, in connection with a rich slop made from corn one-third and oats two-thirds ground together, is the very best food for producing plenty of pork of most excellent quality. With just such food as this we are in the habit of fixing up our porkers for the fall fairs, and always can do so in a very short time with this food. Of course we always give them plenty of it, and we believe that the secret of profit in feeding animals intended for slaughter consists in feeding high—in giving regularly, all the animals can stand to till they are slaughtered.—*Ohio Farmer.*

FAREWELL TO THE POTATO BUG.

The Colorado potato beetle, or potato bug, as we generally call it, has at last found its match in the shape of a mite parasite. Prof. Riley, at a meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science, exhibited a potato bug which was so completely covered with a mite parasite that the point of a needle could not be placed on any part of the beetle's body without touching one of the parasites. He estimated the number of mites at 800. The bug had been attacked by these enemies and killed. The potato bug seems to have a number of natural enemies, such as the toad, the crow, the rose breasted grosbeak and domestic fowls. There are no less than twenty-three insect enemies that attack and kill it. The bug has also been migrating eastward across the continent for several years, until it has now reached the Atlantic ocean. We hope it may find a watery grave, and let the waves sing its requiem.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

CAMELS.—An estimate has lately been made of the number of camels in the world. Algeria has 180000; Tunis, 50,000, of which 30,000 belong to the Bey; Egypt and Arabia are believed to have nearly 200,000; Spain is credited with 3,000, most of them being in the Canary Islands. The central portion of Asiatic Russia has 350,000; in the Punjaub, India, there are 165,000; 6,000 are employed in the caravans between Bokhara and Russia: China and Mongolia have more than 250,000, and Persia and Turkey nearly 200,000. The latter, in common with Egypt, uses camels and dromedaries largely for military purposes.—*Colorado Farmer.*

Stock Department.

RAISING CALVES AND DAIRYING.

Mr. I. H. Wanzer, in a paper read before the Illinois Dairymens' Association, upon the topic of "Raising Calves to Supply the Dairy," said:

Let it first be fixed in your minds that it costs no more to raise a good calf than it does a poor one. Good stock for the dairy seems to be within the reach of every dairyman. There are the Holsteins, which have been bred for centuries with the object in view of perfecting them in milking qualities. There are the Ayrshires, for which wonders are claimed; and there are the Jerseys, that, when crossed with our larger kinds of stock, make cows far above the average. The milking strain of Durhams we know to be good, and we have now calves from this stock that are richly worth raising, but instead we are sending them to the butcher. Good males from all the above breeds are within the reach of us all. And when we consider that it costs no more to keep a good bull than a poor one, what matter if we pay one or even two hundred dollars? Suppose four or five dairymen join in the purchase of a first-class male, and breed him to a part of each dairy—those, of course, that are the best milkers—raise the heifers and sell the males to others. Good milking stock is within the reach of every dairyman.

Horticulture.

THINNING FRUIT.

The *Michigan Farmer*, in notes of the Michigan Agricultural College Farm, says:

Here is one useful experiment which exemplifies the effect of the thinning of fruit in summer, to which we have often directed attention. There is no part of the farm that receives less attention than the orchard and its fruit. There is no care given to the trees, and the quality of their fruit. There is no attempt made to thin out the fruit, and to thus grow a better and higher quality of any variety. Last year Prof. Beal caused a number of the Northern Spy apple trees to be severely thinned of their profusion of young fruit, with the intention of trying whether the bearing year could not be changed. Every other year a profusion of fruit was gathered, and the off year there was a scarcity. Well, here in the orchard there was a large number of Northern Spy apple trees, several of them had been thinned last year, which was thin bearing year. Every tree that had been thinned of its fruit last year, was bearing a fair average crop of fruit this year, and the trees that had not been thinned, but let alone as is the usual custom of orchardists, were standing next to them without any fruit on them. To Mr. Beal this proved that the bearing year could be changed, or at least sustained that theory as shown by some pomologists; but still it would not be satisfactorily settled until the trees had had time to show by their future crops that the change had been established. But with such a season as last year, when fruits were so plentiful, and every orchard and tree bore with a profuseness that seemed as universal as an epidemic, here were trees that had been checked at an early date by taking off fully one-half of the immature fruits soon after they were formed, and this year their crops of fruit were a fair average.

THE MILKMEN OF NAPLES.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan men, for they are funny fellows. They do not have a milk wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail and dipper. They have only little three legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready,) and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided for each customer. No chance of watered milk there you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six and seven stories often, with a different family living on each floor. Even the *palazzos* (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor (not the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up. On this floor perhaps a duke may live; on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be impossible that the noble duke's laundress might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These uppermost families usually take the goat's milk, because the goat can go up stairs, even to the very top floor, and be milked in full view of the customer!

Part of little Paola's pleasure was in patting the goat that came up to his grandmother's door, rubbing its little nose, and giving it roasted chestnuts to eat. After it was milked, the goat would turn and skip down the stairs so briskly that the milkman could not begin to keep up with it.—*St. Nicholas for August.*

CURE FOR STING OF BEES.—"Take a tomato leaf and bruise and rub it over the place where you were stung, and the pain leaves immediately and no swelling."—*Bee Keeper's Magazine.*

The Sheepfold.

WEEDING THE FLOCKS.

Not alone from the sail are found springing the tares that militate against the greatest success of the genuine and desired crops, but they are found in the cattle pens, the pig-stys, the stables and chicken-coops. In the human family we find the odd and doubtful member that reduces the average that otherwise would be high: and in the animal family can we expect more, or always depend on perfection? All will not be good; weak and puny ones will appear, demanding more care and costing more than they are or can be worth. Such should be weeded out. Understand this—every month you are weeding on a farm is a machine that is doing its best to destroy and reduce your products; if the animal is good, the material consumed is undergoing a change that will increase its value; if poor, it is absorbing your sustenance with no prospect of return or compensation. If sheep are staple in your breeding, give no place to any but those which yield the heaviest fleeces and the greatest amount of meat. If cattle, select those that will attain a maximum of weight in two instead of four years. If hogs, select a breed that will not only eat and be satisfied, but when they have converted corn into pork will yield a maximum number of pounds for a maximum number of bushels. If the kind you are breeding will not do this, you are wasting your substance. A lean, uneasy hog eats most; a scrubby, scrawny steer is never satisfied, and will never satisfy the owner; a "plug" of a horse will keep a common man poor, and never be anything but a plug; poor sheep are expensive; in a word, poor stock of any kind is a burden and expense no man can afford to carry, and the weeding out of these useless, expensive parasites cannot be too promptly accomplished. Fewer and better is a good motto; don't wait until next year to begin this eliminating process, but do it now. Save this winter's feed by at once disposing of the tares of the flock. —*Factory and Farm.*

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND NEW FARMS.

Does anybody know how many new farms have been opened in the United States and the territories this year; how many log cabins have been built; how many acres of virgin soil ploughed up for the first time? It is not probable that any one does know with exactness, but there is a little table in the report of the secretary of the interior, presented to congress recently, which furnishes material for an approximately correct answer to these questions. During the year ending with June last, there were taken up, under the homestead law, 2,879,909 acres. New land taken up under the homestead law is for actual cultivation; and it is generally taken in lots of 160 acres. It would appear, therefore, that more than 17,000 new farms were commenced last year under the homestead law alone. But this is not all. There were sold during the year 640,691 acres for cash, 137,640 acres were allotted on military land warrants. It is no doubt true, that a portion of these 778,331 acres were bought or entered by others than by actual settlers, by speculators or by persons who made investments of this nature for future purposes. It would be fair to estimate, however, that one-half of the 778,331 acres were purchased, or entered, for the purpose of immediate settlement and cultivation, and this calculation would give us 2,432 new farms of 160 acres each. There was also 21,048 acres entered upon the Sioux and Chippewas half-breed scrip, and 607,984 taken up under the timber culture law. Leaving these two latter items out of the calculation, we have an aggregate of about 19,500 farms, commenced during the year. This means 19,500 new homes. In five years from now, these 19,500 farms, under good management, ought to produce, annually, some 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, some 40,000,000 bushels of corn, and some 400,000 head of cattle or swine

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1877.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE FAIR TO BE HELD IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society, }
No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, May 2'd, 1877. }

To Farmers, Mechanics, Artizans and all other Persons Interested in the Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society for the year 1877!

The New England Agricultural Society has perfected an arrangement with the **Maine State Agricultural Society**, by which a joint exhibition will be held at Presumpscot Park, in the City of Portland, Maine, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1877.

The Exhibition will open at one o'clock in the after noon, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and close on the afternoon of Friday, September 7th.

It is designed to make this Exhibition complete in every department and to that end a liberal Premium List is published in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, and will be issued in pamphlet form at an early day.

Correspondence is invited upon any and all subjects connected with the contemplated exhibition.

Letters may be addressed to Hon. Samuel Wasson, Secretary Maine State Agricultural Society, East Surry, Maine, or to the undersigned at Boston, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.

The time is short. Have all things ready for an early start. The New England Fair at Portland will open on Monday afternoon, and the exercises will be extremely interesting.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR PREMIUM LIST.

All persons desiring Premium Lists of the New England Agricultural Society, will receive them by return of mail on application by letter to DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

NOTICE TO STOCK RAISERS.

At a meeting of the Executive Officers of the New England Agricultural Society, held at Portland, July 20th, 1877, it was voted that in Class Four, Nos. 24, 25 and 26, the premiums for sheep should read instead of "two years old and under three," as advertised in the published Premium List—"two years old and upwards."

Also, that in all cases, the exhibitor of a horse or horses and drivers having paid the entrance fee, should be entitled to a card of admission.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION TO THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

An arrangement has been perfected with the **Boston & Maine Railroad**, the **Eastern Railroad**, and the **Worcester & Nashua Railroad**—all of which terminate in the city of Portland—for half rates on all articles and stock sent for exhibition to the New England Fair, to be held in Portland, Maine, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1877.

Freight is to be paid at the time of shipment and returned free of cost to all exhibitors whose articles or stock may be entered for exhibition.

Arrangements have also been perfected with the above-named roads, to wit: **Boston & Maine, Eastern, and Worcester & Nashua Railroads** for half fare tickets to all persons who may visit Portland during the Fair.

The **Worcester and Nashua Railroad**, running through Nashua and Rochester from the city of Worcester, will be a convenient and direct route from Providence, Western Massachusetts and portions of Vermont. **The Boston & Maine** and **Eastern**, for persons reaching Boston from any point North, South or West, will furnish ready and convenient means of transportation.

Time tables over these Roads will be published at an early day. DANIEL NEEDHAM.

Boston, Aug. 8, 1877. *Secretary.*

PORTLAND & ROCHESTER.

Secretary Needham has received information, just as the *Ploughman* goes to press, that the **Portland & Rochester Railroad** will convey freight on the same conditions as named above.

Boston, Aug. 23, 1877.

EASTERN RAILROAD TRAINS.

TO

New England Fair at Portland, Maine.

Leave Boston
For Portland, 7.30, 8.45 A. M.; 12.30, 7 P. M.

Leave Portland
For Boston, from *Maine Central Station*, 2.15, 8.45 A. M.; 1.30, 5.30 P. M.

Leave Biddeford
For Portland, 8.00 A. M.

Leave Portland
For Biddeford, 6.00 P. M.
Stopping at all intermediate stations.
The 2.15 A. M. train from Portland runs Sundays but not Mondays.

Conway Trains.

Leave Conway Junction for North Conway and Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad, 10 50 A. M. For North Conway and intermediate stations, 3.20 P. M., both connecting at Wolfboro Junction for Wolfboro.

Trains leaving North Conway at 12.30 P. M. and Wolfboro at 1.18 P. M., connect at Conway Junction with train for Portland.

A. P. ROCKWELL, *President.*

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD,

TO

New England Fair at Portland, Maine.

Trains Leave Boston
For Portland, 8.45, A.M.; 12.30, 3.30 and 6.00 P. M.

Leave Portland
For Boston, at 6.15 and 8.40 A. M.; 1.20 and 5.30 P. M.

Fare for the round trip, $3.50, including a ticket of admission to the grounds.

JAMES T. FURBER, *Gen. Supt.*

REDUCED RATES ON THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD,

TO THE

New England Fair at Portland, Maine.

Tickets will be sold at the Boston & Maine Depot, in Boston, for

$3.50 FOR THE ROUND TRIP,

from Boston to Portland and return, on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of September.

JAMES T. FURBER, *Gen. Supt.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In the published pamphlet, containing the Premium List of the New England Fair issued at Portland, on page nineteen, the Eastern and Boston & Maine Railroads are referred to as having agreed to transport stock and articles for exhibition to the New England Fair free of cost to the Exhibition. This is an error—as the Eastern and Boston & Maine agree to carry for **half rates** and **not free**. Attention of exhibitors and shippers is called to this error.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.
Boston, Aug. 14, 1877.

PROVIDENCE AND WORCESTER.

Arrangements have been made with the **Providence & Worcester Railroad**, by which all articles and animals for exhibition at the New England Fair at Portland, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, will be transported free returning for one freight charge, to wit: Prepayment of freight on shipment and to be returned free.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

PASSENGER HALF FARE RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

Half Fare to Portland over the **Worcester & Nashua and Rochester and Rochester & Portland Railroads** from Worcester and places on the line of the Railroads, will be the price of one fare to go and return, with fifty cents added for admission coupon ticket into the Fair Grounds—being one half the regular rates.

The same rates are arranged for all points on the line of the **Eastern** and **Boston & Maine Railroads.**

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*
Boston, Aug. 20, 1877.

Let everybody go to the New England Fair at Portland who can. You never will be sorry for it. It will feed you with profitable and pleasant thoughts for a long time to come.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, FOR THE YEAR 1877.

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JUDGES FOR NEW ENGLAND FAIR, 1877.

No. 1—*Shorthorn Stock*—Benj. Sumner, Woodstock, Ct.
No. 2—*Devon Stock*—E. H. Hyde, Stafford, Ct.
No. 3—*Ayrshire Stock*—J. F. Brown, Providence, R. I.
No. 4—*Hereford Stock*—Benj. Sumner, Woodstock, Conn.
No. 5—*Jersey or Alderney Stock*—Geo. E. Waring, Jr., Newport, R. I.
No. 6—*Holstein Stock*—Horace Bodwell, Acton, Maine.
No. 7—*Grade or Native*—H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield Centre, Me.
No. 8—*Working Oxen*—John Morrison, Corinth, Me.
No. 9—*Pulling Oxen*—Wm. H. Deering, Saco, Maine.
No. 10—*Stallions for general use*—Samuel C. Oliver, Salem, Mass.
No. 11—*Four years old and under Are*—Samuel C. Oliver, Salem, Mass.
No. 12—*Stallions three years old and under four*—*No.* 13—*Stallions two years old and under three*—Peter W Jones, Amherst, Mass.
No. 14—*Stallions one year old and under two*—*No.* 15—*Horse Colts*—Thomas Saunders, Haverhill, Mass.
No. 16—*Mares*—Waldo T. Peirce, Bangor, Me.
No. 17—*Geldings and Mares*—*No.* 18—*Geldings and Fillies*—*No.* 19—*Geldings and Fillies*—*No.* 20—*Geldings or Filley*—E. S. Stowell, Cornwall, Vermont.
No. 21—*Matched Horses*—*No.* 22—*Ponies*—J. P. Barston, Norwich, Conn.
No. 23—*Draft Horses*—W. W. Pease, Anson, Maine.
No. 24—*Long Wooled Bucks*—*No.* 25—*Middle Wooled Bucks*—Geo. Campbell, Westminster West, Vermont.
No. 26—*Merinoes*—Geo. Flint, Anson, Me.
No. 27—*Large Breeds Swine.* *No.* 28—*Small Breeds Swine*—W. W. Harris, Cumberland, Me.
Nos. 29 and 31—*Poultry*—Philander Williams, Taunton, Mass.
No. 31—*Agricultural Productions*—Warren Brown, Hampton Falls, N. H., L. L. Lucas, St. Albans, Me.
No. 32—*Plants and Flowers.* *No.* 33—*Fruits.* Saml. Rolf, Portland, Me.
No. 34—*Vegetables*—Benj. P. Ware, Marblehead, Mass.
Nos. 35, 36 and 37—*Dairy Products*—Jas. W. North, Jr., Augusta, Me.
Nos. 38 and 39—*Agricultural Implements*—Obadiah Brown, Providence, R. I.
No. 40—*Dairy and Kitchen Utensils, Wooden Ware, &c*—*No.* 41—*Brass, Tin, Copper, Iron Work and Stoves*—D. M. Dunham, Bangor, Me.
No. 42—*Corporation Manufactures*—Geo. B. Williams, Waltham, Mass.; R. B. Shepherd, Skowhegan, Me.
No. 43—*Articles of Leather and India Rubber*—Chas. Shaw, Dexter, Me.
No. 44—*New Inventions*—Executive Officers.
No. 45—*Carriages*—Wm. Gunnison, Merrimac, Mass.
No. 46—*Machinery for Working Wood, Iron and Stone*—W. H. Stephenson, Lewiston, Me.
No. 47—*Home-Made Bread*—*No.* 48—*Canned Fruits, Preserves, Pickles, &c*—Fred Atwood, Winterport, Me.
No. 49—*Pictorial and Industrial Arts.*
No. 50—*Carpenter's Work*—Alpheus Gray, Manchester, N. H.
No. 51—*Needle Work, Embroidery, &c*—*No.* 52—*Miscellaneous Articles*—Enoch Knight, Portland, Me.
No. 53—*Mineral and Botanical*—Wm. P. Lapham, Augusta, Me.
No. 54—*Ploughing Match*—Samuel Cragin, Norridgewock, Me.
No. 55—*Trotting.*

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR!

Special Premiums for Trotting.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1877.

No. 1—$200; for 3 minute class, $100, 50, 30, 20.
No. 2—$300; for stallions, $250, 125, 75, 50.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5.

No. 3—$250; for 2 40 class, $125, 65, 35, 25.
No. 4—$300; for 2.30 class, $150, 75, 45, 30.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6.

No. 5—$220; for 2.50 class, $100, 50, 30, 20.
No. 6—$250; for 2.35 class, $125, 65, 35, 25. No. 7—$100; for 4 year olds, $50, 25, 15, 10.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7.

No. 8—$220; for 2.45 class, $100, 50, 30, 20.
No. 9—$300; for free to all, $250, 125, 75, 50.

CONDITIONS.

All horses must be owned in New England. The above races will be mile heats, best three in five in harness, and conducted under the rules of the National Association for the promotion of the interests of the American Trotting Turf. In heats where eight or more horses start, the distance will be one hundred and fifty yards (150) If less than eight horses start the distance will be one hundred yards (100). Heats in each day's races will be trotted alternately. Horses distancing the field will receive first money only. A horse ruled out will not be entitled to a premium. The horses in each class must be ready at 2 o'clock P. M., on the day advertised. Entries will close on Monday, August 27, at 10 P. M. Any bona-fide entry made prior to August 14, upon which entrance money is paid at the time of making the entry, will be eligible, although the horse may have made better time between the 14th and time of closing entries. All purses must be four or more entries, and three to start.

Entries must be made in writing and sealed, and accompanied with entrance fee, 10 per cent. of purse, addressed to Samuel Wasson, or Wm. F. Garceson, Portland, Maine, No. 27 Preble street. Entries made on the day of closing will be eligible.

Now that the important day has arrived, we merely wish all a pleasant trip to Portland and a good time in studying the features of the great New England Fair. It will be something to look back to with the most satisfactory reflections.

The Committees.—In another column of this week's *Ploughman* is to be found a list of the several Committees that are to serve at the Fair, given with as much accuracy as possible at the present moment. It will prove to be of much interest and convenience. The aim pursued in their appointment has been to secure as Chairmen persons who are acknowledged experts in the several departments to which they are assigned, so that all exhibitors will be sure of having their contributions submitted to discriminating judgments, from those only who are recognized as fully qualified to render them. This is in itself an important matter, and will tend greatly to raise the character of the Committee decisions. The latter will thus be rendered solely and strictly on the merits of the products submitted, and the satisfaction of exhibitors will therefore be instantaneous and permanent.

Rush of Business — During the week there has been an unprecedented rush of business done at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, in this city. A continual fire of telegrams has been kept up between Headquarters and the Portland office, relating to entries of all kinds. Things have been truly lively. It only shows what is going to be done next week. The pressure has been severe on Secretary Needham and his assistants at Headquarters, who have promptly answered to all the hands made upon them. Agriculture knows what it is about when it employs the activeagents of business as its ready servants. The inquiries by person and letter that have poured in for several days have been almost numberless, but we believe all have gone away satisfied with their replies. Headquarters never worked harder than for the past week.

The half-fare rule adopted by the railroads, for the benefit of those who would attend the New England Fair at Portland, will be found stated in another column by the roads which have adopted it. It offers an additional inducement, and a strong one, to visit Portland next week, which we urge every one to improve to the utmost.

Ploughing Matches.—The preparations for the Ploughing Matches at the Fair are on a liberal scale, and the details have been carefully perfected. It is confidently asserted that they will be better than similar matches at any previous New England Fair, and must excite a corresponding interest. It has been determined to allow entries for the Ploughing Matches to be made up to 12 M., on Tuesday, September 4th. A piece of ground outside the Fair Grounds has been secured for the purpose, where the merits of different makes of ploughs and the skill of ploughmen can be displayed to the public under the best conditions. There is to be a meeting of plough manufacturers at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, on Friday of this week, to complete the arrangements for the ploughing match, which will prove to be fully equal to what all parties could desire.

The Executive Officers.—The work of the Executive Officers of the New England Fair has been arduous and constant from the day on which it began. This body represents both the New England and the Maine State Agricultural Societies. They have labored in perfect harmony, having but a single purpose in view, and that the largest success which it is possible to achieve. Their harmony has been equalled only by their energy, which has neither slumbered nor slept since they put their hands to the work. Everything that ingenuity could devise or reflection suggest has been done by these gentlemen for the promotion of a triumph in which all are invited to share They are entitled, as they will not fail to receive, the gratitude of the great Agricultural community for the valuable services rendered by them and the wide enthusiasm which they have awakened.

COL. NEEDHAM, who has been for a few days detained at home by the illness of his wife, is again at work at the office of the New England Agricultural Society, No. 45 Milk Street, and we are rejoiced to announce that Mrs. Needham is considered convalescent. During Col. Needham's temporary absence on account of the illness of his wife, his assistants at the office have responded promptly to the numerous telegrams which having been coming in almost constantly during the last four days.

Farmers' Evening Meetings.—These have in past years become one of the most entertaining and instructive features of the New England Fair. They will be held as usual during the progress of the Fair next week, and distinguished speakers are expected to be present. The colloquial and familiar style of these evening gatherings is what gives them a much greater interest. For the purpose of providing for the convenience of all the large lower Hall in the City Hall Building, at Portland, used by the City Council has been secured, and the evening meetings of the farmers will be held in this during the continuance of the Fair. It is the most agreeable and convenient arrangement that could have been made. The attendance on these meetings is expected to be large, as it has been heretofore, and there will be ample room for the accommodation of all who desire to listen to the discussions and speeches.

Boarding Accommodations.—None need have any apprehensions that they cannot readily obtain board and lodgings during their contemplated visit to Portland next week. In the first place, the city is well supplied with spacious hotels, which are capable of caring for large numbers and procuring outside accommodations for as many more. In the next place, the citizens are ready to open their doors freely to visitors to the Fair, offering board at a very moderate price. There is precisely the same feeling shown by them as there was by the people of Philadelphia at the Centennial Exhibition. And, in addition to the above, there will be a special officer on the Fair grounds to give prompt information to all desiring to obtain boarding accommodations for the time, and who will direct them to places where they will at once feel wholly at home.

We would remind the farmers of New England that they owe it to themselves at this time to present as strong a numerical front to the general public as they can, in order to command that popular respect which they are so richly entitled to claim. Turn out, then, in full numbers at the New England Fair at Portland, and show the strength of the farming fraternity in New England to the great multitude that will there be assembled.

Report of the Great Fair.—A full Report of the proceedings at the New England Fair next week, at Portland, including all the features of the Exhibition, with subjoined details of every character, will be promptly furnished the readers of the *Ploughman* in its coming issue, so that they will all be put in early possession of what was exhibited, done, and said on this grand occasion. There is not a farmer in all New England who can afford to be indifferent to what goes on next week at Portland. They will have spread out before them in the columns of the *Ploughman* a complete picture of the Fair, full and accurate in all its parts, and stamped with the Official stamp as the best certificate of its accuracy and authenticity. Those who desire extra copies of the *Ploughman* containing this most interesting record are requested to transmit their orders at the earliest moment possible, that none may be disappointed.

The Addresses.—It is sufficient for the present to announce that President Loring will open the New England Fair at Portland with an appropriate Address, and that Governor Conner of Maine will make the closing Address on the last day of the Fair. Both of these efforts will be well worth listening to, and we bespeak for them the largest popular attendance that can be made.

The Game of Lacrosse will be played on the Fair Grounds at Portland for the pleasure of spectators. The game is one of Indian, or Canadian origin, and will be played in strict accordance with the rules. A description of it will be found in full in another column. The visitors at the Fair will be glad to become acquainted with a recreation whose features date back so far, and which has continued its popularity to this day.

ALL READY!

The Great Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society will open on Monday next, at Portland. The work of preparation will therefore be all completed when this issue of the *Ploughman* reaches the hands of its readers. We trust that every one feels fully satisfied with what he has decided on and what he has done. If so, there is no word more to be said. No farmer in New England can afford to regard with indifference this annual event which is intended to represent his standing, his intelligence, and his progress. It is his individual affair for that very reason. We have appealed to all alike through the season that is now over, to come up to the support of this Exhibition of Agriculture with their best and strongest endeavor. Our part has been to stir up a spirit of enthusiasm over it which, of all other exhibitions, this one is most worthy to excite. Now we await the response of next week, in the full confidence that it will be hearty and expressive. Those who, for whatever reasons, have declined to enter specimens of the products of their farms for Exhibition, are now urged to be present on the ground themselves, to receive the instruction and pleasure which is sure to be theirs, and to help give character and strength to an event in whose success none can be interested equally with themselves.

Let no one stay at home from this great New England Fair whose time and means will allow him to go. Neither could be so well invested. If book-farming is distasteful, the practical proofs of real farming will be exhibited at Portland in their best form and proportion. There is the place for the farmer to pick up hints that will fertilize his acres and fill his stalls and yards and pens. There is where he can see what others have done, and learn what he can just as well do himself. There is the school for him to attend, where he may study all the points of good farming in a way that will never let him forget them. And he should take with him his sons, his wife, and his daughters, that they may share with him in his enjoyment and instruction, get a welcome relief from the monotony of the season's hard work, see their own New England as it is, and become freshly inspired with a love for their pursuit. No other method can do so much as this to lift up the thoughts in connection with farming, to arouse a healthy enthusiasm, and to surround the agricultural calling with associations with which it is of all things necessary that it should be clothed. This is sober fact, and not mere words. The man always loves his vocation best when it attracts to itself pleasant associations. And an attendance on the Fair, with the excitement that brings nothing but pleasure with it, will bring about that desired result as nothing else will.

The time is come for us all to leave the homestead for a few days and start for Portland. As many as possible, be all ready on Monday for the trip. Get your neighbor to promise that he will go, too. Make the New England Fair the work of the whole week, as it will afterwards be the pleasant memory of the year. Turn out from every town and district in New England as people do not turn out for other gatherings and celebrations. Make it a festival week—the Harvest Home of the year. Show a sturdy determination about it that nothing can swerve or weaken. Resolve that it shall be a glorious success, as well in point of the multitude that is present as on account of the high character of the Fair itself. Again we say, let those who do not exhibit make up for it by being there themselves. They will find a warm welcome all ready for them. The people of Portland are waiting to extend them a sincere greeting. They feel about the Fair as the people of Philadelphia last year felt about the Centennial Exhibition, and are enthusiastically united in the purpose to make it, so far as *they* can do it, a memorable success. Now then, Farmers of New England, our last word is—*All Ready!* Be on hand early on Monday, finishing the preparations for the departure. You have an opportunity to magnify your calling at this time in the true way, and we appeal to you to improve it to the utmost. All aboard for Portland!

Our last word to all is this; Go to the New England Fair at Portland by all means. It is something that none can afford to slight. A warm welcome awaits visitors, and such an Exhibition as they will not very soon forget.

PORTLAND.

A description of the city where the New England Agricultural Society is about to hold its next Exhibition, opening on Monday afternoon, September 3d, will not fail to possess unusual interest at this time to all who intend to be present as participators in that event. Like Boston, the city of Portland has a history, its existence dating back with the earliest settlements on the New England coast. It has been destroyed by fire and sword four times. She has seen eras of depression as well as of prosperity, and has evidently gained all the more strength by her varying experiences. From the beginning, she has steadily grown in point of population, and all the time pushed out the circle of her commercial operations. Her situation is one of the finest, commanding as it does the most striking ocean and mountain views. The climate, like that of New England generally, may be vigorous in winter, but in salubrity throughout the year it is not to be surpassed, and tends markedly to produce and sustain a wonderful vigor both of mind and body. No city could well be more picturesque or beautiful at this season of the year than Portland. The recovery from the disastrous fire of the 4th of July, 1866, is complete, and the devastated districts are rebuilt with edifices far more imposing and permanent than any known to the city before. The hotels of Portland, the largest and newest of which is the Falmouth, are models of comfort for travellers and are equal to the largest demands that may be made on them.

Communication is had in every direction by steamboat and rail—to Boston and Halifax, to the White Mountains and the far interior, and through the heart of the State of Maine. The harbor is one of the most beautiful imaginable, studded as it is with pretty islands, which are the constant resort of the people during the summer season. Including its suburban dependencies, it contains a population of about 50,000. Its total foreign trade in 1874 was $52,588,612, and its transit trade has been pronounced from two to three times larger than that of all the other ports of the United States combined. It has the ocean before it, and the mountains behind it. Its water supply is furnished from Lake Sebago. It has 35 churches and places of public worship, 19 public schools, 3 daily and 7 weekly newspapers, and a full number of charitable, literary and musical associations. There are 6 national and 2 savings banks in the city. Among the distinguished natives and citizens of Portland are the names of ex-Chief Justice Shepley and his son Judge George F. Shepley, William Pitt Fessenden, ex-Gov. Israel Washburn, Jr., Neal Dow, John Neal, the poet Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Rev. Dr. Edward Payson, William Willis, Seba Smith and John N. Poor. At the head of Pleasant street is Presumpscot Park, containing a superior half-mile track and extensive grounds. The accommodations for horses are ample, and there are covered seats for spectators, with a restaurant near at hand. Within the Park grounds are all the arrangements for sheltering and watering stock, besides a large two-story building for the display of agricultural implements. Near the entrance of the grounds is the Park House.

The Park is named from the Presumpscot River, which brings down the waters of Sebago Lake in a full stream, discharging them at a point a little north of Portland harbor. The famous Capt. John Smith once entered Casco Bay, in pursuit of whales. In this bay are 122 islands and islets, besides uncounted rocks and reefs. The names of these islands are mostly Indian, and are a queer medley for pronunciation. The gem of the bay is Hog Island, now beginning to be known as Diamond Island. Portland is itself built on a neck, or peninsula, of which there is a great number, known as Points. A recently published "illustrated sketch of Portland," by the editor of the Portland *Transcript*, says of the islands that they "are of all sizes, from the little rocky islet, covered by the sea at high tide, to those which contain thousands of acres and hundreds of inhabitants. Though some of them present bold headlands, there is nothing barren or desolate in their aspect. For the most part they rise like mounds of verdure from the sea, forest crowned, and from their summits one may behold on the one hand the wave of the Atlantic, breaking almost at his feet, and on the other the placid waters of the Bay, spangled by multitudinous gems of emerald, while in the dim distance he discerns, on the horizon, the sublime peaks of the White Mountains." Nothing more romantic, picturesque, and beautiful could well be conceived. No city on the coast can claim to be set in so lovely a frame-work. Outward it looks toward Europe; inward it pierces the depths of Canada. By steamship and rail it is connected directly with both, employing these two mighty agents with remarkable success in the way of growth and prosperity.

A visitor to Portland will find such a variety of nature and human handiwork to beguile his time and feast his eyes as is rarely presented in any city of America. The public buildings are imposing and costly, while the private residences in what some would call the better part of the city are very fine. A drive or a walk about the streets will furnish pictures on which the memory may feed with delight for a long time afterwards. The citizens are enterprising in a most marked degree, and it is solely owing to their own determined exertions that Portland has renewed her strength and taken a fresh start in commercial growth and power. They saw that it was necessary to use the same powerful agent—the railroad—which had gradually taken her trade in a large degree from them, and the project of the Grand Trunk line to Canada was conceived, proved to be perfectly feasible, and instantly carried out. And that led directly to the establishment of a line of steamers to Liverpool, by both of which the city has become as it were a new creation. And what they have done for commerce they have also done for manufactures. And so now with agriculture. The people of Portland are all awake and alive to the success of the coming New England Fair. Railroad and steamboat companies, hotel keepers, merchants, mechanics, and private individuals all have a common feeling towards it, and are fully resolved to make it such a triumph as New England has never seen. And it will be all of that. The thousands who visit Portland next week will never forget the pleasant and profitable impression which they are to receive from this most beautiful city and its enterprising and hospitable people.

Do not hesitate another hour about attending the New England Fair at Portland. Start right off on Monday, and all doubts will resolve themselves. It will pay many times over to view the magnificent collection of farm products, live stock, and agricultural implements which is to be displayed.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF THE SHIPKA PASS.

Gorny-Studeni, Aug. 27.—Since yesterday afternoon and during to-day the Turks have maintained a feeble fire against the defences in the Shipka pass. The Russians maintain all their positions. The Turks hold the neighboring heights, continually relieving each other in fighting. They bring up supplies on beasts of burden, and where the roads are impassable for animals they compel the Bulgarians to drag the loads.

London, Aug. 28.—The *Daily News's* special from Shumla, Tuesday, says: "Suleiman Pasha made an assault on the Russian position in the Shipka pass at daybreak on the morning. The battle, which was sanguinary, lasted until 6 o'clock in the evening. The enemy, who were assailed on both flanks, were unable to resist the attack, and the Turks gained possession of all the earthworks at the opening of the defile."

A telegram to the *Times*, from Shumla, also says that Suleiman Pasha has captured nearly all the Russian positions. The Russians lost 3000 killed and wounded.

The *Daily News's* correspondent with the headquarters of the Russian army before Plevna, writes from Poredin on the 23d as follows: "The mistake made by the Russians after the battle of Plevna was in not concentrating the whole army against Plevna and taking it. The Turks have been receiving re-enforcements more rapidly and in great numbers than the Russians, and are beginning to take the offensive all along the line." The correspondent then details the movements already known against the Shipka pass and by Sedenet Aleko army. He says: "It seems a former movement was not calculated upon or provided against. The Turks are also keeping the Russians on the Plona front on a continual alarm, thus concentrating troops as if about to attack. Nothing could give a better idea of the critical position of the Russians than the fact that a correspondent dare not mention the number of troops anywhere for fear of giving information to the Turks, when a few weeks ago no secret was made of any movement. The Russians, from a brilliant and successful offensive upon which they acted up to the battle of Plevna, have fallen back on the most timid defensive, and feel themselves dangerously threatened on every side. So far from attacking Plevna again, they are fortifying their positions in the strongest manner, and are evidently determined to make a desperate resistance. Reinforcements are present, at least, not dreaming of taking the offensive. Re-enforcements are arriving very slowly. Although it is known that three out of four divisions have crossed the Danube since the battle of Plevna, I am not yet able to ascertain where they have gone, nor can I see any indications of the Russians having the intention for a long time to come of not adopting a vigorous offensive after the battle of Plevna will evidently lead to a second campaign."

Adrianople, Aug. 28.—The Russians still hold Fort Nicholas at the Shipka pass. The Turks are attacking the highest Russian positions in force. A large number of Turkish wounded are arriving.

Shumla, Aug. 28.—The Russians occupy Pop Koi. A battle is expected.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Helena, Mont., Aug. 28.—The *Independent's* special from Bozeman, Mont., on the 26th, states that Parker has arrived, and says the Helena party are safe, except Keneck and another, who are still missing. Joe Roberts, District and Duncan Winkle are all right. All many come.

General Sherman reached here this afternoon from his inspection of Forts Shaw and Benton. He leaves Walla Walla, W. T., by way of Missoula, Mont., Thursday night.

Salt Lake City, Aug. 28.—A courier arrived at Virginia City, Montana, this morning from General Howard's Camp at Perry Lake, Generals Howard's forces have been there since the 23d, waiting supplies. He expected to move after the bostiles this morning.

Bozeman, Mont., Aug. 28.—The Helena party had arrived at Mammoth Springs at ten o'clock this morning. Lieutenant Rawn and Fowler, who are still missing. A. J. Weikert is wounded in the shoulder slightly, and J. Smart in the side and ankle, but not serious. The Indians surrounded their camp, six miles above Mud Volcano, and took them completely by surprise, but did not follow the men after they fled. Lonelin was last seen running close to the timber. Mrs. Cowan's husband was shot in her arms. He is the only one of Radersburg's party known to have been killed. The rest may have escaped Indians were reported on Gardiner's river yesterday.

Virginia City, Mont., Aug. 28.—The Indians reported by Lieutenant Schofield as having gone back, under Joseph, to fight General Howard, were on a horse-stealing expedition. They came within twenty-five miles of this place, in Madison valley, on the night of the 20th and drove off a herd of over 300 horses in the direction of Geyser Basin.

"LACROSSE" GAME AT THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

THE NATIONAL GAME OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The game of "Lacrosse," says the *Portland Advertiser*, which is to be played at Presumpscot Park during the New England Fair, was adopted as the national game of Canada on the 1st of June, 1859, the first Dominion day. It is still almost unknown in this country, but was introduced into Great Britain last summer, when a picked team of Canadian gentlemen and Iroquois Indians played a brilliant series of matches in the three kingdoms, and finally played before the Queen at Windsor Castle. Big John, the captain of the Iroquois twelve, addressed the Queen on that occasion, and her Majesty not only replied to him, but gave him her photograph and accepted a pretty Indian basket at his hands. The game so closely resembles cricket, that it immediately became popular in the mother country; matches have been played between England, Scotland and Ireland; there is talk of sending a British team over to contend with the Canadians; an Indian Rajah last winter sent an extensive order to London for the sticks.

The game is of Indian origin. The Iroquois called it *Tekontshikwakeks*; the Ojibways, in the northwest, called it *Baggataway*; it was played also by the Choctaws, Cherokees and Creeks in the South. The modern name is attributed to Charlevoix, who saw the game somewhere between Quebec and Three Rivers, when he ascended the St. Lawrence, and called it *le jeu de la crosse*, from the shape of the crooked stick or bat with which it is played. This was nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. The savage game had no rules or restrictions; the players had simply to drive the ball past the goal of their antagonists, by such means as seemed best. The civilized game prohibits cert

READ AND RUN.

The eight of the fine cattle of every grade that is to be enjoyed at the New England Fair at Portland, next week, should attract visitors by the thousands from all quarters. This is the occasion when the noblest specimens of stock meet in a sort of Congress, and those who attend it will be richly repaid for their time and trouble.

— The Adams Express Company sold at auction last week its usual collection of unclaimed parcels and packages. Most of the purchasers bought worthless bargains.

— The rice birds are beginning to make their appearance in the South, in pump condition. They were our rattling, rollicking bobolinks, Last June.

— Virginia is suffering from want of rain.

— Beside a beautiful monument in one of the cemeteries of Windham County, Vt., grows a vigorous tobacco-plant.

— The tobacco growers in Southern Berkshire and Connecticut Valley have begun to cut their crop, with which they express themselves satisfied.

— Paris has now completely recovered from the destructive work of the Commune.

— The Turkish armies are at last working under one supreme direction.

— Prof. Hall, who has recently discovered the two moons of Mars, was once a Connecticut carpenter.

— A family consisting of father, mother and son, the former being sixty-four years of age, were brought before the Fall River police court last week and sentenced to jail, to save what remained of a comfortable property. The use of rum was ruining all. The father has squandered $4,000 within a few weeks.

— Boston publishers have lost heavily from the theft of books in New York, while *in transitu*.

— The *London Spectator* says the Russians do not possess the American faculty of recuperation.

— The Pittsburg people are just beginning to reckon up the cost of those riots.

— A leading New York journal is giving its heaviest attention to the subject of freckles.

— The National Board of Trade met at Milwaukee last week, and discussed and adopted resolutions of the first interest to the country's welfare.

— The magnificent crops of the country absorb all business considerations.

— Kentucky is reported to be suffering severely from an outbreak of hog cholera.

— Gen. Howard has been selling his silver mine interests, with a view to settling in New York, which he seems to like better.

— Watermelon rinds is what causes the rind—ground, including the New Orleans *Price Current*.

— Oyster season begins to-day—September 1.

— Vermont is showing dairy products that pall down 10 pounds on the scale.

A record record for farming in any one of its many branches is what every cultivator ought to be ambitious of. It is in his power to secure it by producing the worthiest proofs of his skill and energy for exhibition at Portland. A man should feel at least as eager to establish his own position as a farmer as that of his stock for choice strains of blood.

— Colonization to the farming districts is much discussed and experimented with in these times.

— Capt. Eades, of Mississippi jetty fame, has made a contract with the Turkish Government to bridge the Bosphorus; the bridge to be a mile and a half long, the central span seven hundred feet, and the whole cost to be twenty-five millions of dollars.

— There was a melancholy drowning accident in the Nantucket surf, last Friday.

— The dog show at Music Hall next week promises to be a remarkable success.

— The display at Horticultural Hall last Saturday was very fine for the season.

— The Boston Young Men's Christian Union has sent over eight hundred children to farms, this season, to enjoy a country vacation.

— The General Ticket and Passenger Agents' Association will hold its next semi annual convention in this city, on the 14th of September.

— The increase of our exports tells the story of our returning commercial prosperity.

— The Harbor is and has been alive with excursion boats for the past few weeks. Every Boston man and his neighbor goes regularly "down the harbor."

— The Turks appear to be showing all the activity now.

— Mr. George Bemis, of this city, has returned home after an extended residence in Europe.

— William Warren has just celebrated the 50th anniversary of his appearance at the Boston Museum.

— All our railroads are at present doing a heavy freight business.

— The telegraph companies have united their plans; now look out for high rates.

— The Russians have had to give up the Schipkin Pass in the Balkan Mountains, and retreat lower.

Speak to your neighbor about it. Tell him it is his duty to go to the great New England Fair at Portland, if only for example's sake. Stir him up about it, if he is at all sluggish, and show him that he testifies against his own interest when he refuses to testify in its favor by his presence.

— There are really thirteen valuable springs in all at Saratoga.

— The dog-day weather we have been having is called Turkish bath weather.

— The gold premium has come down to 103¾, which is the lowest yet.

— Peter Harvey's personal reminiscences of Daniel Webster are not ready yet.

— The Glen House, at the White Mountains, is represented in its roll of waiters by six different Colleges.

— If peaches are plenty, you can pay as much as you want to for them.

— A project is on foot in the city to establish a classical school for girls.

— There are some apprehensions that Texas fatigue is to precipitate a border war with Mexico.

— The season at the summering places is about to close, but the pleasantest part of the season for out-of-doors is just about to begin.

— The town of Fremont, in New Hampshire, claims to have been without a doctor for twenty-five years.

— The logs around Portland are said to be swarming just now with mackerel, sharks being supposed to have driven them in.

— A countless number of trucks in the roads above Waterbury, Conn., sh wed that an immense army of rats had travelled northward.

— A letter has been discovered which shows that Daniel Webster endorsed Charles Sumner, when a lad of fifteen years, as qualified to be a cadet at West Point.

— There is a story afloat that A. Oakey Hall is concealed in New Jersey.

— The Governors of about one-half of all the States have been visiting Philadelphia.

— The Pennsylvania Railroad will rebuild no more than is absolutely necessary in Pittsburg, but will go away from mobs with its shops. It will not have to go very far.

— The Texas Agricultural College will enter about twenty-five freshmen, the usual number.

— Connecticut intends to make an effort in the next Legislature to thin out her large crop of shyster lawyers, who are a positive discredit to the profession.

— New Haven, Conn., had its first case of sunstroke for the season, last Tuesday.

— Martin's Vineyard has been a sanctuary from hotel thieves and pickpockets.

— Providence is feeling better in a business way. The Tool Company has resumed work for two weeks for Brett Cattle ranged as follows at $5 12@6 25; that generally at $4 75@5 50; medium or good, $4 25@4 75; ordinary thin Steers, $3 50@4 25; general average of sales $4 00; extreme range of prices $3 75 Most of the sales were from $3 75 to $4.

Sheep.—There has been a fair demand for sheep, and we quote at $4 00@5 00 for extra at $3 50@3 87½; most sales being at $4 00@4 75.

Lambs.—We quote butcher lots at 5@6c per pound. Stock Sheep at $3 50@4 00 per head. Lambs 3½@4c ₩ lb. grades higher.—*Baltimore Sun.*

CATTLE MARKET.

The—In a very few instances $6 25 has been realized for extra, but the average of the sales of cattle weighing 1,500 lbs averaging 1,400 lbs, and the bulk of the purchases made by the drovers at $5 75@6 00 for good to choice at $5@5 50 for steers averaging 1,250 to 1,450 lbs averages, fair to good qualities averaging 1,100 to 1,200 lbs at $4 50@5 00. There was something like an increase in the receipts of Texans as compared with a week before, but the demand was fully equal to the supply, and the market closed quite good, four to six loads changing hands at $5 @5 40@5 50, with fair to good chiefly at $5 25@5 35. For similar Colorado, and half-breed steers $4 25@5 25, while native cows sold to city butchers and canners at $2 50@3 50 for the bulk of the sales, with a few good fat lots were scarce and in good demand at $3 25@3 75. We quote grades as follows:

Extra graded steers, $6 00@6 25; fair to good do, $5 50@6 00; fair to good native steers, $5 00@5 50; butchers' steers, $4 50@5 00; fair to good do, $4 00@4 50; common to fair do, $3 50@4 00; fair to good cows and heifers, $3 50@3 75; fair to good do, $3 00@3 50; milch cows $30@40 00.

The closing quotations show an improvement of 10@15c on bacon hogs of 150@220 lbs, with common heavy and mixed packing lots to the extent of 200@25c. We now quote the heavy shipping lots at $4 90@5 00, with choice heavy and mixed lots at $4 80@4 85; good to prime light at $4 70@4 80, the largest receipts made on the better class of stock. The week only a slow trade has been developed, and the ruling feature was the quote as the ruling feature was the decline of 10@15c from the highest point reached on Monday, and for good to choice at $4@5c, and good to extra at $5@5½c.

The market opened heavy and declined 10@15c, which only partially recovered during the week. Since then the market has ruled steady but the business has been of a dragging, closing heavy. We quote as follows: Fair to good 5½@6c; fair to good 5@5½c; fair to extra 6@6½c ₩ lb.—*Albany Journal.*

BRIGHTON MARKET.

WESTERN CATTLE.

PRICES ₩ 100 LBS ON THE LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra..... 6¼@6¾ | Light to fair..... 5@5½
Good..... 5½@6 | Stags..... 4@4½
Prices of premium steers cost.....

Monday Market, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 27th, 28th, A. N. Monroe had one and two car loads of cattle, and we are that there were not scarcely any poor lot. It is about as bad to have too fine cattle cannot be afforded to be sold to drovers who usually buy an inferior article, upon them don't suit at all. Butchers market from the country towns with the paying a certain price, and if the ket per pound higher, even if the cattle be money, it isn't what they want, it is much money into cattle at prices they We are inclined to the opinion that are selling very near 4c lower; we last week at 7¾; best we don't know at 7c, probably a few at private grain higher. The trade was quiet as the market opened it grew worse better.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

NEW YARDS.

Monroe sold 226 steers, averaging 1450 s, live; 50 steers, averaging 1310 lbs, at steers, averaging 1375 lbs, at 6¼c; 40 aging 1347 lbs, at 6¼c; 10 steers, averaging 1247 lbs, at 6¼c; 15 steers, averaging 1275 10 steers, averaging 1268 lbs, at 6¼c; averaging 1164 lbs, at 6c; 14 steers, averaging 292 lbs, at 6¼c; 16 steers, averaging 6¾c; 70 steers, averaging 1129 lbs, at 6¼c; eers, averaging 1400 lbs, at 6¼c; ans sold 51 steers, 70,690 lbs, at 6¼c; 30 lbs, at 6c; 9 steers, 12,280 lbs, at 6c.

Fitch sold 31 steers, 42,490 lbs, at 6c.

OLD YARDS.

J. & Swift sold 4 lots of 63 head, 39 lbs, at 6¼c; 37 steers, 39,290 lbs, steers, 14,810 lbs, at 6¼c; 40 steers, at 7c; 17 steers, 22,930 lbs, at 6¼c; 8 0 lbs, at 6c; 20 steers, 29,475 lbs, at

Ely sold 20 steers, averaging 1300 lbs, steers, averaging 1325 lbs, at 6¼c; 8 ering 1250 lbs, at 5½c.

McMurtry sold 90 head (to ship) 325 lbs, at 6¼c; 20 steers, averaging 6¼c; 19 steers, averaging 1290 lbs, at

& Son sold 5 steers, averaging 1220 8 steers, averaging 1050 lbs, at 4¾c; aging 1150 lbs, at 4½c.

sold 12 steers, averaging 1290 lbs, at

THE SHEEP TRADE

ates on sheep and lambs this week owing to the inferior quality of the t put upon the market. Good flocks scarce. Sales 6c for not all plenty, are not really worth the money, ne quarter of the northern supply ch as last week, except for the very

old 110 sheep and lambs, 6390 lbs at

Colwell sold 1?2 sheep and lambs, at 5½c ₩ lb. Smith sold 108 lambs 5950 lbs at 6c ₩ lb, 670 lbs at 5c ₩ lb, and we believe at 4c, average about 5½c ₩ lb for

sold 12 Canada sheep at 5c ₩ lb, erage 62¼ lbs at 3½c ₩ lb.

art sold 118 sheep and lambs at 5c

old 122 head, 65 lbs at 5½c ₩ lb.

CATTLE & WORKING OXEN

ge, where nearly all the store cattle ken from here, we notice that ten fresh arriving, with several left over from last week, there at all these departments, and we are ed that the stakes from Maine and e market; the supply will be not ividly.

Torrey sold 7 tt cattle at 4¾c; 1 yr & Davis sold 1 yr 7 ft 4 in (still 1 yr 7 ft at 4¼c; 1 yr 6 ft 7 in at

NEW MILCH COWS.

only one cow and calf that went but we did see a number of good at $50 (@55.

sold 1 cow and calf at $40.

sold 3 milch cows for $100 (the

PIGS AND FAT HOGS.

half of the arrivals of last week still were suffered to-day; notany in this week declined 1@1½c ₩ lb. Sales of Western fat hogs, all ers, delivered at 6@6½c ₩ lb; of lines at Cos. have to-day, at 6¼c; 37 cars, J Boynton & Co.'s cars, shall 1 car; J. P. Squires & Co. sold of Northern hogs.

POULTRY.

nged. We should judge that there ons on sale. Fowl and turkeys ens 13@14c lb.

EMARKS.—Cattle of late do not ly difficult to fill, there are many in together, or too many poor; it to suit all classes of butchers; we different at the sheep market, the se pens, with exceptions, at least ed and thrifty what butchers come, you buy up a carcass from ked, and will they weigh? rather fleshy. There does not seem to of the live stock traffic that gives faction. That's the lay of the land

CATTLE MARKET.

In regard to the ruling of the market slight diversity of opinion among dealers is manifested; the drovers here contend that the irregularities up the difference. Choice heavy steers brought fully 6¼c ₩ lb, with no inducement to difference in value though some sellers claim an ity, equal to 6c ₩ lb. The, however, held pointedly and strongly at 6¼c as by the uninterested drier. ake any reduction in prices, because not warrant it. Texas sold pretty a month; Illinois, Eastern dealers, B, and Colorados 4@5c. The rather on the increase, and we note 6c ₩ lb. We advance our quotations and extra stock, the supply than those of last week, and will rence in price.

Prices—At $6 50@7 25; extra $7 00@7 25; fair quality $5 25@6 75; cows $3 25; third quality $4 00@4 50; $4 00.

Sheep.—The receipts consist of two consignments, one going to New other to Connecticut. There was demand with sales of one new left in pasture at $40 00@55 00 for

ce supply does not differ either in quality from that of last week. of Sheep consisted mainly of Canada stock, and of a good average ching extra. The business has oderate, the demand having been supply of Eastern and local wants. ement of the season, and there is ut 5c ₩ lb, the largest reduction made on the better class of stock. e week only a slow trade has been ade as the ruling feature was the r to good 4¼@5c, and good to extra

the market opened heavy and on fell off 6@6¼ ₩ lb, which only ightest to-day. The receipts were ers, averaging 1350 lbs, at 6¼c; 1 steers, averaging 1275 lbs, at 6c; 1 steers, averaging 1268 lbs, at 6c; 1 steers, averaging 1400 lbs, at 6¼c; 1 steers, averaging 1129 lbs, at 6¼c; 1 steers, averaging 1400 lbs, at 6¼c; 1 steers, averaging 1400 lbs, at 6¼c; 1 steers, averaging 1400

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE,---BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

The Poet's Corner.

STORMS.

The rain comes down with a steady beat
On the dusty stones of the gray old street,
Like the ceaseless patter of unseen feet;
It falls on the slated roof.
A mist is rising from off the sea,
The pall of many an argosy:
The waves that dash on the rock-bound lea
Weave many a tangled woof.

The clock in the belfry tolls the hour,
A beacon gleams from the lighthouse tower;
The ships in the harbor feel the power
Of the storm amid their sails;
The seamen think of the rocky shore
Where ships go down and are seen no more,
And shrieks are stilled by the tempest roar,
When human effort fails.

The maiden whose lover is on the deep,
The wife for her husband sad virgils may keep,
The mother for loved ones despairingly weep,
For their treasures are cast on the sea,
But while ships are wrecked on the rock-ribbed land,
And brave men are cast on the desolate strand,
One God holds the winds and the waves in his hand;
May our trust be forever in Him.

We sit in our homes in the long, dark night,
And see through the tempest a beacon fire bright,
That the storm-beaten mariner hails with delight,
For it guides to a home of rest:
And thus when clouds of adversity rise,
And the pall of despair hath obscured our skies,
The "Star in the East" is revealed to our eyes,
And leads to the home of the blest.

Ladies' Department.

MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

A HOLIDAY DIVERSION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

And so all I had to do was to go into the country and enjoy myself for six weeks—that is what it came to.

Why, if any one had struck me with a feather at the moment the doctor uttered his verdict I should certainly have been knocked down; fortunately no such atrocity was attempted, so I maintained as erect a posture as my enfeebled health would allow until the eminent licentiate of the College of Physicians, whom I was consulting, begged me to resume my seat.

"You are utterly smoke-dried," he said.

"London or tobacco?" I inquired.

"Both," he answered. "No physic; fresh air is all you want—mountain air, if possible; perfect rest and quiet; abstemious habits, early hours and no tobacco."

"But," I feebly protested, "I don't care about the country; how am I to fill up my time?"

"Nonsense; you know nothing of it, from your own showing; and as to occupation, anything will do, so that you keep clear of your ledgers. Fish, sketch, idle, read poetry and light novels; go and steep yourself in greenery, refresh your senses with rural sights and sounds; go and look at trees and fields, listen to the birds and the music of running waters; follow this out, and you will be a different man in six weeks."

"And then?" I blankly inquired.

"Then? Oh, then," he answered, "get married and settle down."

It certainly was fortunate I was not standing at that moment, for it would not have needed a touch of the aforesaid feather to have laid me low. As it was I sank back in my chair aghast. "Get married!" I thought; I who was utterly insensible to female attractions, and who had been always taught to have an eye to the main chance and regard matrimony as a clog, unless associated with a great heiress. I get married on a salary of £300 a year? Whew!

I left Saville Row with scarce another word, convinced that for real, downright, unpractical men, there were none to compare with doctors.

Thus I took the plunge, and within five days found myself at a snug little inn in North Wales, hard by a celebrated spot known as the "Devil's Bridge," a few miles inland from Aberystwith.

I confess at once to having been a little astonished and pleased at the beauty of the scenery. The unexpected novelty, I felt, would keep me going for some time.

The change soon refreshed me. I was astonished at feeling neither dull nor lonely—for the tourist season had hardly set in, and I had the little inn wellnigh to myself. So I wandered about and gazed wonderingly at all I saw, especially at the deep, craggy, wooded gorge or mountain river-bed across which his satanic majesty's engineering skill was supposed to have been displayed.

As I stood looking down upon it from the bridge near the inn, it certainly seemed to remarkably romantic spot. Steep rock-bound banks, crowned with trees, hemmed in the rushing foaming river, its channel becoming irregularly narrower and more precipitous as it reached the head of the valley in the depths of which it lay. Here there was a waterfall, as I then thought, of stupendous magnitude, and yet a little higher up, a second, still larger. As I made my way down to the river by a well-worn path through a wood, the sound of the descending water, as, wafted on the soft summer breeze, it rose and fell in liquid cadence, fascinated me from the very first. At a distance it was but a murmur; but as I drew nearer I seemed to fancy that melodies innumerable were growing out of it—soft, low, equal melodies, that touched chords in my nature of the existence of which I had hitherto been ignorant. I had cared no more for music than for any other of the refining, softening influences of life, and now there seemed to be awakening in me an entirely new man. I did not know myself, and the fascination led me on irresistibly.

Now I would stop and tilt my head from side to side, listening to the varieties of sound I thus gained. Then, after advancing a little to increase the strength of tone, I would retreat so that the delicate decline of power should be made to add another charm. In this fashion I literally spent some hours before I actually ventured to descend to the torrent, and experienced in its full force the tremendous roar of the rushing waters. Why, here was occupation for weeks, I thought, in merely listening to these beautiful noises; and had not the doctor told me that this was one of the ways in which I should employ myself? Had he not said, "Listen to the music of running water?" Well, I never expected to find a holiday diversion in such a pursuit; but here it was, and for a whole fortnight I gave myself up to this delicious idleness. Then, as if farther to develop the unsuspected music, poetry, or whatever you may choose to call it, of my nature, I found among the few coffee-room books a copy of Southey's poems. Instinctively I read again and again, "How does the water come down at Lodore?" I took the volume down to the wood, to the water's edge, to the very foot of my waterfall, which seemed to me to be doing all that the poet described as possible under the circumstances.

The weather had hitherto been superb, midsummer sunshine, and not a drop of rain.

The sunshine glinting through the trees; the pure sky above; the song of birds, not yet all hushed, in the woods; the fresh breezy odors—these all became such novelties and charms as I had never conceived possible. But seated on my isolated rock, it was still, after all, out of the "music of the waters" that I got my chief mental enjoyment.

At last there was a sudden change of wind. Heavy clouds swept over the landscape, burying in mist or occasional showers all forms save those close at hand.

"Regular Welsh weather, sir!" said a fresh-colored elderly gentleman-like man in a tourist's suit, whom I found next morning in the coffee room. "My party will be house-bound for a couple of days, I'll be bound, I know anything of this country; shocking place for weather. Been here long, sir?"

I told him how long, and that I had not had a drop of rain the whole time.

"Disadvantage in that too," he went on; "mountainous scenery wants rain and mist to drift round the peaks, fill up the torrents and bring out the waterfalls. This one here will present a fine sight after another four-and-twenty hours of such weather; it was a mere dribble last night when we arrived."

I was consoled by this gentleman's words; for having to spend the best part of the day indoors, the new sensation then yet in store for me; and I was a little disappointed to find, when, early the following afternoon, a lull in the weather enabled me to go down to my favorite rocky haunt, that there was very little perceptible difference in the volume of water coming over the fall.

So here I sat, I suppose, for more than an hour in my accustomed state of placid, indolent enjoyment. With eyes half shut I was saying over to myself the first few lines of Southey's "Lodore," and trying to make "the music of the waters" fit into them as an accompaniment, when there suddenly sounded in my ears a roar so loud, and increasing so rapidly in volume, that I started, and looking up, perceived that now indeed the fall had become grandly augmented. It was swollen at least to twice the size it had been ten minutes before; it looked magnificent. I stood up quite excited, but not even then for one moment dreaming of danger. Town-bred idiot that I was, quite unacquainted with the terrific force of the elements when once unloosed, I never imagined for a second that I could be placed in peril by a fact so beautiful as this now before me. In the exaggeration which ignorance gave to my estimate of these natural wonders, I thought I was gazing at a harmless Niagara; I had never seen anything half so beautiful; whilst the almost deafening, thunderous roar which accompanied it was such a new phase of my favorite music that I stood spellbound with a sort of wild delight. Not for many minutes, however; a heavy rain-cloud that had suddenly overswept the sky warned me to retreat. I turned with this purpose towards the stepping-stones by which I always regained the precipitous bank of the river. To my horror they had all disappeared, and in their place a boiling, bubbling ferment of brown water and frothy foam was sweeping along at a tremendous pace. Then in an instant I knew that the river was rising rapidly. Any one but a fool would have foreseen this as the natural consequence of the increase in the waterfall. Right and left and all around the river had now become a boiling cauldron of broken water; I was cut off from all hope of retreat, and should be washed away like a fly, I knew.

Helpless and scared, I stood irresolute yet a moment longer.

I recollect in this dire emergency suddenly observing a still further increase in the volume of the fall, and almost simultaneously with it feeling my legs slip from under me as the brown water gurgled in my ears and glistened in my eyes. Then there was a choking, helpless, tumbling pressure forward, several sharp blows upon my legs and arms, an effort to strike out, met by coming in contact with more rocks, and then a whirl and twirl and a spinning round as if I had been a cork.

The swimmer's instinct, however, was of some use after all, for in the first place it enabled me to retain a little presence of mind, and, in the second, to bring my head up to the surface after the first plunge. I saw I was already a long way from the upper fall, and an additional pang was given to my sensations by the recollection that I was being hurried on towards the lower, over which if I were carried I must inevitably be drowned. Fortunately, just now I was carried by a current close in under one of these sheer-down sides, and for the fiftieth time sent spinning round in the eddy like a cork.

I made a hopeless grab at the smooth and slippery surface, much as the drowning man catches at the proverbial straw, for it was by this time getting exhausted and suffocated by the constant rolling over which the torrent gave me. I did just manage to get a finger-hold in a crack, and to steady myself somewhat; but the water was very deep just here, and I could not lift much more than my chin above it, whilst a foothold of any sort was out of the question.

Yet to remain where I was much longer was impossible. Could I but have raised myself some two feet I should have been able to reach an overhanging bough or one of the thick growing young ash-saplings, the roots of which projected from the lucky lay of the rock a yard or two above.

Oh, how I longed for a giant's arms, that I might touch that bough! Twice I made a futile effort to spring out of the water at it, but only exhausted myself, and had the greatest difficulty in retaining my support. Then the vague conclusion floating through my dazed mind, nor was it at once dispelled by a perfectly audible and silvery voice saying:

"Try to reach it now; I think you can; quick, try!"

This can be no illusion; this is no phantom born of a drowning man's fancy; this is a sweet reality; and in that bending branch, now steadily descending to within my grip, I see my life restored to me and my hopes renewed.

I have the delicate end of the bough in my hand; yes, automatically I have seized it, and already it helps to lift me higher out of the water.

"Be very cautious," says the voice once more. "Take great care, or it will snap. There, wait so, whilst I pull this strong one down, and that will hold your weight better; now, so;" and in another minute I have grasped this stronger one; I manage to raise myself by it a little, and to put the tips of my toes into the fissure of the rock by which I had so long held with the tips of my fingers.

Then a soft firm hand is held out to me, and taking it I finally, by one supreme effort, pull myself well up among the underwood and twisted roots at the top of the cliff.

Too exhausted to speak or think I threw myself down upon the steep hillside among the long grass and ferns between the trees. Then I think I really did lose consciousness for a while, for I do not remember seeing the pretty, graceful girl who had saved my life until I found her kneeling at my side, endeavoring to raise my head as she wiped the streaming water from my forehead and hair.

"Wait here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that tree trunk."

"Pray, stop," I stammered feebly; "I shall soon be all right. I am really very much obliged to you."

"Oh, never mind that," she answered brightly; "if you can walk, so much the better. Get up and come along at once; you must get your wet clothes off."

I rose and shook myself, feeling very bewildered, sick and scared.

"Here—up this way," she cried. "I think we can get through the wood this way; follow me."

I had scarcely started after her, as with a firm, light step she sprang up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of:

"Hilly-o! Lucy, hilly-o! where are you?"

"Here I am," she cried, "all right. Come down, papa, and give this gentleman a hand. I have just helped him out of the water—he was nearly drowned!"

"What? Eh, my dear? What are you talking about?" said a cheery voice; and looking up, I saw two or three figures coming against the sky over the hill. Then there was a little hurried talk as they met my preserver, and presently my middle-aged friend, who had spoken to me about the weather at the inn the day before, had a vise-like hold upon my arm, and was lending me very material assistance to my ascent.

"What a fortunate thing! Only to think," he said, "of Lucy happening to see you! We were wandering about, and she had gone on ahead by herself to look at the fall; then all of a sudden we missed her; and then, lo and behold! all the time she was qualifying for the Royal Humane Society's medal. You are not accustomed to mountain rivers, sir, I am afraid; they are very treacherous, and are often suddenly swollen in this way when rain begins in the hills after a long drought; it's what they call a "spate" in the Highlands. But stay, you are exhausted; take a cup of whiskey out of my flask here."

We had stopped that I might do this, when a second young lady, evidently a sister of my guardian angel, came running down towards us, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa, do come quick; Lucy has fainted. She was just beginning to tell us all about it, when in a moment she went quite off."

Whereupon, revived by the stimulant, I hastened up the remainder of the slope, in company with my new friends, to find the brave girl quite insensible, her head resting on the lap of a lady, evidently her mother.

Then the sheepy gentleman put the whiskey flask to his daughter's lips, and all solicitude, very properly, was turned from me to her; but she soon revived, and then, but not till then, I allowed myself to be hurried off to the inn to get dry clothes. These, and a little hot stimulant, soon put me to rights, with no further damage from my ducking than a few superficial bruises and scratches.

But what was this tremendous internal wound that I had suddenly become conscious of? that had not been inflicted by projecting rocks or slippery crags or foaming water! No; of a certainty that was the result of a sympathetic glance from a pair of brown eyes, which had gone straight to my heart from the moment they had looked down upon me in my peril.

Was I on the eve, then, of another great discovery? Was it not enough that I had found lately that there were other sights and sounds worth listening to than are supplied by London streets, other elevating emotions than those referable to arithmetic and book-keeping by double entry, but that I must have thrust upon me also the fact that there was really something worth living for besides one's self and making money? It seemed so! As I had been taken by surprise by the pleasure to be extracted from a quiet country life, so equally was I now suddenly awakened to the possibility of what the doctor had called "settling down." There absolutely appeared a chance of my taking to the idea, and of so carrying out his prescription to the letter. What a wonderful and beneficent effect it was working!

"Why, there she is in the garden at this moment, and how beautiful she looks! Now that I have made myself presentable," I thought, "I will go down immediately and thank her like a coherent being and a gentleman."

She was sitting in a little arbor at the end of the inn garden. As I approached, a blush, the more evident from the paleness which her undue exertion and subsequent faintness had left, overspread her sweet face—that angel face, which I had at first thought a dream, and which to me now, with my newly-awakened poetical sensibilities, scarcely seemed a reality.

I cannot describe it. Why should I? Other people would not see it with my eyes; there were hundreds and hundreds of faces in the world doubtless far more beautiful.

"I hope you are feeling better," I said. "I am afraid that what you have done for me has overtaxed your strength; I shall never forgive myself if it has made you seriously ill."

"Oh, no," she answered, "I was only a little out of breath with the running and the scramble through the brushwood and trees; but I was sure that if I was to be of any use there was no time to be lost. Please don't say any more about it."

"Oh, but indeed I must; you must tell me how you saw me and how you were able to reach me."

"Oh, I had merely gone down to look at the waterfall—I knew it would be very much swollen—and the moment I came upon it, to my horror and surprise I saw you standing upon that rock in the middle of the river. I felt sure that you would be drowned; but before I could even call out you were washed off it, and I saw you carried away. Well, I dont know what it was that made me do it, but I ran along through the wood by the side of the river as fast as I could. I don't suppose I thought of being able to save you, but it all seemed so dreadful; and then I lost sight of you. But I still ran on to near the top of the second fall, and got close down to try if I could see you; the trees were so thick up above that I was obliged to get close to the edge. I was looking all about for you, when I suddenly saw you just underneath where I was standing, and trying to reach that bough. Well, then I pushed it down to you, that's all."

"All, indeed!" I cried. "Can I ever repay you for that all? You simply saved my life; I should never have got out but for you."

"Hope you are not much the worse for your ducking, sir?" here broke in her father's voice. "I and my wife hope that you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening; you must be a little dull and lonely here by yourself."

Of course I would, and of course I did, and of course, too, I spent the very pleasantest evening of my life. I told the family who I was and all about myself; and they told a good deal about themselves—father, mother and two daughters—and how they had come out for their annual run, as they called it, and how they often made very pleasant acquaintances on their little tours.

"But it's not often," said my host, "that we make one in this fashion; it is not to be wished. We don't expect to become heroes of such domestic drama every day. Ha, ha! but, by Jove, it was very lucky Lucy saw you."

And so on, and so on.

After this evening followed a succession of the most delightful hours I had ever known; morning, evening and noon were spent in the company of my new acquaintances, and at the end of a very short time those acquaintances had become fast friends. I was as completely over head and ears in love as I had been over head and ears in the turbulent water, and I told her so.

"Save me once more," I said; "give me that hand once again, and let it be mine forever; otherwise it would have been kinder to have left me to drown outright."

She dropped her head, but held out her hand, that hand which at this moment has just touched my arm, and a silvery voice says:

"Come Billy, stop; I have been peeping over your shoulder. You need not write any more; people can guess the rest. I would think you did not enter into details."

"Very well, dear," I answered; as it is nearly twenty years ago since it all happened, perhaps you are right. Yes, settled down for twenty years; who would think it? And in a week or two we must be off, for the nineteenth time together, on an another holiday diversion. What shall it be, and where shall we find it?"

"Oh, I am still all for the country, you know," she cries. "I am never tired of rural sights and sound-."

"Nor I," is my reply; "we'll go where

'Gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.'

as Byron says. Fancy my quoting Pyron! What a transformation in a man! Only we shall not be lonely, shall we?"

"Indeed, no," she says; "we will only take care not to sit in the dry beds of mountain streams when we want to listen to 'the music of the waters.'"—*London Society.*

AN EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"To go or not to go, that is the question," said bright little Mrs. Gregory, one August morning at the breakfast table.

"Go, by all means," said the husband, breaking a roll.

"But it is so much work to get ready, I don't feel well enough to make the effort."

"Don't be foolish, Emma; you will be well enough, as soon as you get out of this house; you haven't eaten enough to keep a chicken alive, for the last week; you are tired out with care and monotony."

"If we could go straight off without getting ready," I said, "there would be some fun in it."

"You can if you choose. Women make half their troubles; pack a traveling-bag, and start to-morrow afternoon." Emma Gregory looked wistfully into my face.

"I will, if you will," I said. "We have been school-girls together, and many a wild frolic have we inaugurated, without stopping to get ready." I saw by the brightening of Emma's eyes, that the old spirit was rising.

"Do you really think we could go off that way?" she asked.

"Of course; what is to hinder? Surely we dare do it. You are not afraid of Mrs. Grundy, I hope."

Emma's spirit was piqued; to suggest that she was afraid of anything or anybody, was to put her on her mettle.

"I'll go," she said, with an emphatic toss of the head; "but we've not a minute to lose!"

Already I felt myself stimulated by the mere thought of a hap-hazard journey. No trunks, and no destination! How delightful; as for Emma, worn out as she was, she ran, singing, up-stairs, gayer than I had seen her for weeks.

"I've made out my programme already," she said, when I followed her, a few minutes later. My second best black silk skirt, with gray cashmere sack and basque for traveling, linen duster, and a water-proof in shawl-straps for emergencies, a bag containing linen, under-coil ars and cuffs, handkerchiefs, and a couple of nansook over-dresses, for hot mornings. A hat, half rustic, with a scarf of veiling, two or three paper-covered books."

"Brave," I replied; "we might start in two hours, if we choose. The only trouble will be how to pass the time between now and to-morrow afternoon."

"Won't it be jolly," exclaimed the little woman, ignoring my remark altogether. "We will go up the Hudson to-morrow night if the moonlight, and enjoy it as we used to do when we were on our way to school."

Well, we carried out our plans to the letter. We packed according to Emma's programme, started for Albany on the *St. John*, and forgot the moment we were in sight of the moonlight, that we were getting toward middle-aged, had responsibilities. As we steamed along, watching the soft, rosy light on the green landscape, Emma said: "I shouldn't have taken any journey this summer, if a fortnight's dress-making had been the condition. But I never dreamed that we poor slaves could snatch freedom at this easy rate."

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All this we carried out, and the nambypamby creatures that started for Albany on a certain hot night, were lost somewhere on the road. Certain it is, they were not seen again that summer.—*Phrenological Journal.*

LIFE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps t'will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "good-night" but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

BAKED BEANS.

BY HTTHE MARX.

"Baked beans be good enough for any one, Melindy. When your father came courtin' me, he set a store by Hannah's baked beans, and I allers thought if them hadn't been so nice, I might never have been Mrs. Tibbs after all," and Mrs. Tibbs smiled a broad smile at her little joke, which quite swept from her face the previous look of vexation.

Not so with her daughter, Melinda, who was paring apples with a very downcast face, as she answered gloomily,—

"That was thirty years ago, ma, and times have changed, and Mr. Fairweather isn't coming courtin'. But I do think it's too bad to give him nothing but baked beans when he comes here, when you know how Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Johnson will lay themselves out."

Mrs. Tibbs cut off a large slice of pork, letting her knife come with decision upon the hard wood table.

"If he's going to preach to us, Melindy, I don't want a sermon of soups and fancy cracker. But a good plate of baked beans will make the kind o' sermon for me."

Mr. Fairweather, the young candidate for the Meriton pulpit, was to spend the approaching Sabbath at Dea. Tibbs'. As Mrs. Tibbs and Melinda were discussing his next break-fast, he was seated in the cars, with his Greek Testament in his hand, but evidently not in his thoughts. He was thinking of Meriton, and contrasting it with the home he was just leaving. The question in his mind was, whether he was fitted to take charge of a strong, powerful, but dull church. Evidently the people needed waking up. Could he do it?

Judging by appearances, most decidedly no! For Mr. Fairweather, though quite tall was slight, with light hair, grayish-blue eyes and a complexion to which any sudden emotion brought a change of color. As you looked at him more closely, you saw the thin lips closed firmly together, and the eyes regarded you steadily and squarely, but not forcible enough, for Meriton would undoubtedly be your decision, as it was mine when I first met him.

Mr. Fairweather had not gone far in his thoughts, when the cars drew up at the station. He was met, shaken most heartily by the hand, helped into a carriage, and before fairly aroused from his revery, was drawn easily along over a jolting road by a strong, young, bay horse, who carried himself with a sturdy, ringing gait which suggested any amount of unused power, and, though apparently slow enough, passed over a mile in a very short time. The horse was the first thing which really attracted the minister's attention. It seemed to him very much like the people of Meriton, for both horse and people had considerable in them, but both needed further bringing out. So he broke in upon the ordinary commonplaces, which were being exchanged, by saying:—

"That is a very powerful horse of yours, Dea. Tibbs."

"Yes, Sir," said the Deacon, well pleased. "He is, I might say, pretty powerful for one of his years. A young colt, he was only four years, but a pretty average good colt he is."

"I am wanting a good horse," added Mr. Fairweather, "but this one I suppose, is not for sale."

"Well, Sir, he isn't, but to be frank with you, Sir, I wouldn't sell him to you anyway. You haven't the strength to have him at the other end of the lines, for all he seems to go along so easy-like."

"I can see his easiness comes from his strength," answered Mr. Fairweather, "and I have seen so many horses and people too, who always seem to be going to the limit of their ability that the sight is refreshing to me."

"I'm glad you like the colt," responded the Deacon doubtfully. "But don't it show a trifle of familiarity with things of which a minister don't study much?"

Mr. Fairweather glanced up quickly. "It seems to me, Dea. Tibbs, that a minister has a right as well as others to enjoy all the beautiful creatures, with which his master has filled the world."

"Yes, certainly," replied Dea. Tibbs. "I only explain it because our last minister used to ride considerable, rather more than was befitting a minister, our Meriton folks thought."

Mr. Fairweather had no answer ready to his remark, which had brought him back to his first question, was he fitted to be a spiritual adviser to the people of Meriton? A very first subject mentioned, he had differed from one of the deacons, and that to him an important subject, for he owed his health in no small measure to his saddle exercise.

The steady swinging trot quickened perceptibly, as a large, white house appeared in sight, until the colt came to a standstill in front of the white-covered door. Dea. Tibbs sprang out, offered his hand to Mr. Fairweather, and then catching sight of a light blue dress, he called out:—

"Here, Melindy, come here and take care of the parson, while I unhitch Paul. My darter, Mr. Fairweather."

At the same time that Mr. Fairweather is shaking the small, red hand in his thin white one, I will introduce Miss Melinda Tibbs to my readers.

She is a fair specimen of a smart New England girl. She has not naturally a large frame, but as she has never been pinched or stunted, she has grown to a full size. Her face is plump without being fat, her cheeks rosy, and her eyes bright and full of mischief. She seems a personification of good-nature, as the young minister thought her, though had he peeped into the kitchen window that morning, as she sat by the little cherry table paring apples, he would have known that even her brightness was eclipsed by clouds. There seemed to be just one quality lacking in her, and that not a unimportant, depth. Her rosy lips were lightly pressed together; her brown eyes roved carelessly from thing to thing; she roamed from one subject to another, never stopping to think on any one of them. Evidently, if Miss Melinda had any strength of mind or strength of character, she, as well as others, had yet to find it out.

It was a very quiet evening the young minister spent, and feeling tired and embarrassed he went early to bed, to gain what rest he could for the next day's duties. After he had closed his door, he was attracted by Melinda's voice, and unwillingly he was made a confidant in what seemed then to be her greatest trial.

"It's too bad, pa, but ma wouldn't get anything but baked beans and Johnny cake for breakfast, and I don't suppose Mr. Fairweather ever heard of baked beans before."

Mrs. Tibbs voice chimed in. "It's time he did then, Melinda, but I agree with you, I don't b'leive he ever did hear of 'em before; most like he's been brought up on cake and custard."

"Well, I don't know Jenny," said Dea. Tibbs, "about the cake and custard, but it's nothing agen him if he is not o'er strong."

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"Why don't we do this oftener?" burst out Emma at last, in her abrupt way.

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found his second piece of Johnny cake,—for he took a mouthful of this with every mouthful of beans,—rapidly disappearing, while the generous supply of beans on his plate was not perceptibly diminished. The worst of it was that Mrs. Tibbs' eyes were from time to time cast scrutiningly on his plate. Twice he helped himself again to vinegar and pepper, but after all he felt that in the eyes of the Deacon's worthy wife, he had made a bad failure. For when he rose from the table, there were some beans left on his plate.

It was more than he could ask that a good sermon should atone for his two misfortunes,—of course the Tibbs family would decide that a minister who couldn't eat baked beans and knew a good horse when he saw him, must be a dandyfied jockey and not at all the minister for Meriton.

How he got through the rest of the day he could not tell. He tried to preach his best, but at night he lay down with the feeling that some way or other the whole day had been a failure.

It was a surprise to him when he received a unanimous call to the Central Church at Meriton. But after he had thoroughly looked at all sides of the question, he decided that he might be better fitted for that place than any other. So he accepted the call, was installed, and, firstly, having no wife to help him occupy the parsonage; secondly, there being no parsonage, he came to board at my house.

After having been in our family a short time, as we eat on the piazza one evening, he said to me rather abruptly,—

"Johnson, I wish, if it wouldn't trouble your wife too much, you would once and a while give me baked beans."

"No trouble," I answered, "for we always have them every week. Are you fond of them?"

"No," said he mournfully, "I *can't* eat them, Johnson, but I mean to learn how to." And then the whole story of his breakfast at Dea. Tibbs' came out.

"Please don't think me so foolish," said our minister, "as to imagine that I must eat just what my people dictate, and like all their favorite dishes. I don't feel that way at all, but these baked beans seem an indispensable dish in Meriton households, and Mrs. Tibbs is not the only one who would attribute to daintiness, what is really due to taste."

"And how about the race with Miss Melinda?" I asked laughing.

Mr. Fairweather shook his head. "I'll learn to eat the beans first, Johnson, and then who knows what I may be able to do."

"Even to driving the colt?"

"Dea. Tibbs' colt, Johnson. It makes me feel insulted some way to see that beautiful animal a common farm drudge. And yet," he added thoughtfully, "I don't know but good honest work is more honorable than the kind of employment I put my horse to."

"Good honest work might be, but Dea. Tibbs does'nt know how to treat a horse like that."

"That's just the mystery of it, Johnson. However a horse which has been trained by him has come out as good in disposition as that."

"That is easily accounted for, as the Deacon had but little to do with his early education. But he is rapidly spoiling him. Some morning he will wake up to lock the stable door after his steed is stolen."

Our new minister soon discovered by the way he handled his own fleet little saddle-horse, was by no means unskillful in horsemanship.

The more intimately I became acquainted with him, the more qualities I discovered in him which others did not seem to dream of.

At the end of the first year of Mr. Fairweather's pastorate, his people had very gradually undergone a great change. There was a little of their unused strength put into use;—many societies were started which like the people of Meriton, for both horse and people had considerable in them, but both needed further bringing out. So he broke in upon the ordinary commonplaces, which were being exchanged, by saying:—

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and I see you know how it is. The first time I saw her I wished she could be placed in circumstances to bring out what there was in her,"—

"Like Paul," I suggested.

"If indeed she really had any depth of character. Since then she has occasionally given me some glimpses which encouraged me to think that a wider sphere and larger knowledge,—in short, development in every direction,—would make of her as noble a woman as ever lived."

Fairweather rose abruptly and walked to the window, mechanically crossed back and forth from one end of the room to the other for some time, and then threw himself into a chair by my side.

"What can I do about it Johnson?"

"I don't know, Reuben," I answered, "unless you take her in hand as you have Paul."

For after the run-away he had hired Paul for a year, sent his saddle-horse back to his father, and henceforth devoted an hour, sometimes more, every day, to his new favorite's education. It was a long time before Paul showed any signs of abandoning his suspicious ways and spunkiness. But gradually he found he could trust his new master,—day by day he became more willing to do what was asked of him, till there sprung up a perfect confidence between horse and rider. After this, Paul never failed him; no matter how hard the task Fairweather required of him, there was never the least sign of reluctance. But still it was all in vain he offered the Deacon a high price for his horse. He would not sell him.

I gave my advice most honestly, for I believed that he could mould a character like Melinda's into something true and noble. But he was wiser than I, and I am not sure but Dea. Tibbs and his wife were wiser than either of us, for Mrs. Johnson came home from the next Ladies' Sewing Circle with a piece of news. Melinda Tibbs was going to spend a year with a cousin of her father's in New York city.

As I have no means of following Melinda in her city life, there is but little to write. In Meriton, things were all prosperous,—a new element seemed to have entered into the people and a new strength put forth. The question was certainly decided, for all agreed that no fitter minister for the Meriton church, than Reuben Fairweather, could have been found.

I could see he awaited Melinda's home-coming with no little interest and no little fear.

And when she came, she came very much changed from the girl she left Meriton. In the first place, my wife said she had gained style,—what was very good, but by no means everything. She was in many ways also more toned down, quieted and rendered more pleasing in society. And, secondly, she had gained a more important thing, intellectual culture; her head was full of ideas and thoughts, and on any subject she could converse with ease. And, thirdly, she came home accomplished,—her natural taste for music had been encouraged, till she had become a musician capable of giving much pleasure to